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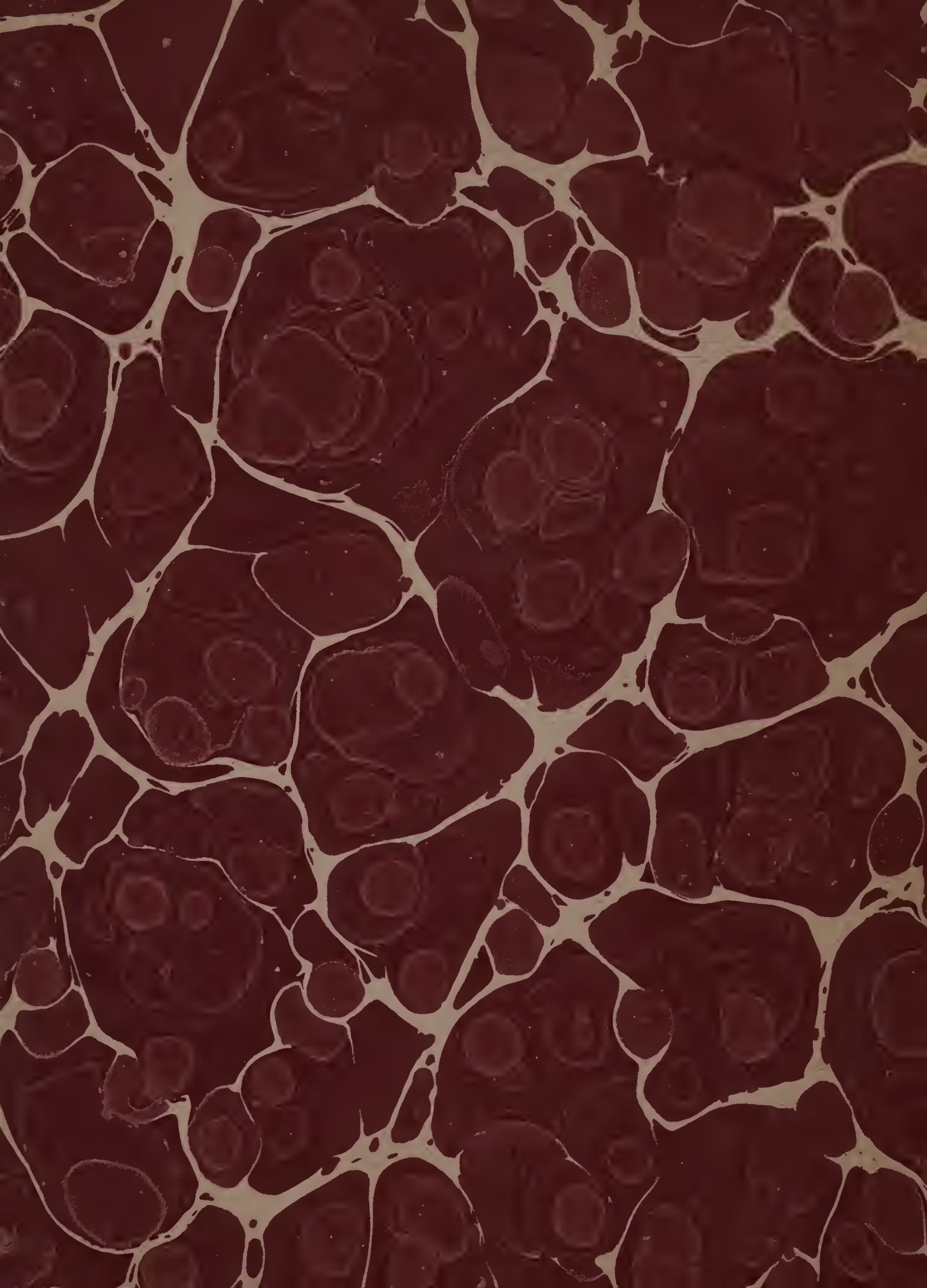


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St. Petersburg

Through the Stereoscope



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OUR complete Russian "Tour" consists of one hundred original stereographs of the more important places in Russia, arranged in the same order a tourist might visit them. M. S. Emery acts as a personal guide in an accompanying book of over two hundred pages. In this book are also given ten maps of our new patented system, specially devised for the purpose of showing the route and definitely locating the stereographs. Educators say that by the proper use of stereographs, with these maps, people may get genuine experiences of travel.

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St. Petersburg

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A PART OF UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD'S
STEREOSCOPIC TOUR THROUGH
RUSSIA

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY

M. S. EMERY

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO ENJOY PICTURES"

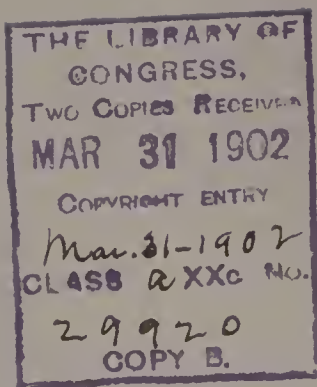


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A WORD BEFORE STARTING.

Many years ago, when tea was a rare luxury, an old sea-captain sent to a friend a small parcel of precious Oolong, thinking to give great pleasure. But the thanks of the recipient had a doubtful ring, so the captain asked how the family had enjoyed the gift.

“Well, you see, we weren’t quite sure how to cook it,” was the apologetic confession; “but we boiled it tender and ate it for greens. It’s a curious taste, isn’t it?”

We are all likely to make similar mistakes in our use—and, consequently, in our valuation—of stereographs. In order, therefore, to get from our Russian tour all the pleasure and profit it can give, let us take a few minutes in preparation for the journey, and see:—

- a.* What is a stereograph?
- b.* How stereographs should be used.

What is a Stereograph?

There is a fundamental difference between an ordinary photograph and a stereograph. The photograph is taken by means of a single lens-opening in the camera. It shows a building, for instance, exactly as we should see the same building with one eye closed. But in actual vision we use two eyes; the retina of the right eye receives one impression, the retina of the left eye receives another impression, *not* the exact duplicate of the first; our consciousness combines the two impressions into one;

what we practically "see" is a composite of the two retinal impressions.

It is easy to make a simple, experimental test of the difference between one's impressions of the form of a solid object received by the two eyes. Hold your right hand straight out at arm's length in front of you, the palm toward the left, the back of the hand toward the right. Close the left eye and look at the hand. You see almost nothing of the palm, but you do see something of the surface of the back of the hand. Hold the arm in exactly the same position; close the right eye and look with the left only. Now you see little or nothing of the back of the hand, but a part of the palm is visible. Now look with both eyes, as usual. You see a part of the back of the hand and a part of the palm as well; in fact, you see part way *around* the hand. That is to say, you "see" a composite of the varying reports sent in to the brain by the two eyes, and the result is that the hand looks solid and substantial. It seems to occupy space in three directions, height, width and thickness.

A single photograph of a hand at the distance and in the position indicated above would not give precisely this effect of solidity, of space-occupancy, of tangible reality. The photographic camera has only one eye. Just as a one-eyed man becomes accustomed to his limitations, and learns to piece out his incomplete vision with the help of memory and comparison of other experiences, guessing at solidity on the hint of suggestive shadows here and there, which could, he feels sure, be

caused only by certain changes in the direction of the surface of a thing, so we find ordinary photographs, in spite of their one-eyed vision, immensely *suggestive* of the experiences of direct vision. Photographs are good things.

But stereographs are far better whenever the subject under consideration is one where we wish to *experience the sensation of actually looking at the things themselves*. For what we have in a stereograph of any given scene is a presentation to each eye, separately, of just what that eye would see when the observer occupied one given standpoint. The differences between the observations of the two eyes, one seeing a little farther around on the right side of things, the other seeing farther around their left side, can be partially discovered by a careful comparison of the two parts of any particular stereograph in which some object in the foreground is outlined against some object in the background; but, if we thus examine one of the stereographs, merely holding it in the hand and looking at its complementary parts as we would look at two photographs pasted on one card, and suppose that we are getting the good of the stereograph, we are making the old mistake of treating tea leaves like spinach. The use of the stereoscope is necessary in order that we may receive at the same time the two overlapping impressions through the two eyes, and so once more get the effect of three dimensions in space,—height, width, thickness or depth.

Try an experiment with one of these Russian stereo-

graphs, for example, No. 90, "The Birth of Jesus;—Vladimir Cathedral, Kief." First, take a look at the card, as you hold it in your hand. Yes, it seems at first as if the two prints were absolutely alike. But notice the halo about the head of the Virgin Mother. In the left print there is slight separation between this halo and the marble capital to the left. In the right-hand print you notice twice the interval between the halo and the capital. This shows that the picture on the right was taken by a camera-lens set farther to the right.

It would seem as if such small variations could make little difference. But place the stereograph in the sliding-rack of the stereoscope and, adjusting its distance according to your own eyesight, look out through the lenses.

Is it not like magic,—the way in which you see now the real cathedral, with that cavernous distance in beyond the holy screen? Now you see that the painting of the birth of Jesus, instead of being the central panel in a row of three (as it at first looked to be), is away back, behind the screen; you are seeing it at a respectful, reverential distance, through an opening in the sacred portal.

The two prints, while held in hand, were excellent photographs, but, while viewed with the naked eye, they showed us only height and width, leaving us to infer the dimension of depth as best we could,—and we made poor work of it! They entirely declined to give us any adequate impression of depth. This impression the stereoscope has supplied by making for us a "composite" of the slightly varying messages received by our two eyes.

The stereoscope does this. It does still more.

When the stereograph, in its sliding-rack, is brought to the right position to suit individual eyesight and is properly seen through the obliquely set stereoscopic lenses, the impression made on the eyes by any given detail is that of the full-size object at the full, actual distance. For instance, suppose a stereograph shows a man who was actually thirty feet away from the camera at the moment of exposure. His image exists on the print only a fraction of an inch high. But, when that tiny image, seen through the stereoscopic lens at the distance of a few inches, delivers its message to the eyes, it has the effect of the very message the eyes would receive from the full-size man at the thirty-foot distance. The possibility of this correspondence of impressions made by a large object at a long distance and a small object at a short distance is something readily observed. A common letter-envelope, held up at arm's length, may easily hide from view a picture twelve times its size on the wall of the room. It may even fill the same focal angle as a whole building at a still greater distance outside the window. In the case of our stereographs, the fact is that a printed figure a fraction of an inch high, a few inches distant, fills the same space in the eye as a figure five or six feet tall at the distance of the real man from the operator's camera at the moment of taking the negative. The result of the fact is that when we look through the lenses of the stereoscope we practically *look also through the stereograph as if it were a transparent screen, and*

we see the real objects, full-size, as far distant from us as they were from the camera when the stereograph was taken.

There are some people to whom it appears at first that only miniatures of objects are shown in the stereoscope. This is due mainly to their constant remembrance of the small card a few inches from their eyes. They modify what they might see by what they think they ought to see. If such people will take note for a time of the fact that they see nothing on the surface of the photographic prints so close to their eyes, that they see everything back of these prints as actually as if they were looking through transparent screens or windows, then they may get impressions of objects or places in the stereoscope as large as they would if looking at the original scene through windows of the same size and at the same distance.

Stereographs, then, can give us (color only excepted) the very same visual impressions that we should receive in the presence of the actual things.

Moreover, a stereograph, properly seen through the stereoscope, takes us into the presence of a certain scene in a sense fairly analogous to that in which the telephone brings a friend close to us. The intermediate processes could be traced if we had space, making a most interesting study. Of course, in the telephone a friend's body is not brought to us; nevertheless we get a definite sense that he, his real self, is brought near us. Not only is he near for all purposes of communication through the ear, but we

feel that we are in his very presence. Our feelings are, our experience is, not that we are in the presence of a telephone, which gives out certain articulate sounds, but in the presence of a human soul.

Now it is in an analogous way that we may feel that we have been transported to the distant place which is represented to us in the stereoscope. Our material body is in our own chair at home, but our thinking, feeling self, our real self, is in the presence of a place in Russia. The reason why our experience is that a person *comes to us* in the telephone while *we go* to the place in the stereoscope is this—What we see, more than anything else, gives us our sense of location. When we use the telephone we see a room about us, and, consequently, we get a distinct sense of our location there. But the testimony of our ear at the telephone is that our friend is close to us; we can't disregard this any more than we can disregard the testimony of our eyes. His voice sounds as if he were near, and that is sufficient to make us *feel* as if he were near. But since, in fixing our own location, what we see is more important than what we hear, our experience is that we stay in our room, and our friend comes near to us there. When we use the stereoscope, on the other hand, the hood about our eyes shuts our room away from us, shuts out the America or England that may be about us, and shuts us in with the hill or the city or the people standing out behind the stereoscopic card. If now we know by the help of maps where on the earth's surface this hill or city or group of people is located, then

we may have a distinct sense of our own location there. The conditions are that we shall look intently, and look with some thought not only of the location of what is before us, but also of what we know (from the study of the maps) must be on our right and left or behind us.

The best evidence that we do get such an experience when we use stereoscopic views properly, is the fact that, ever afterwards, we find ourselves going back in memory over mountains or seas to the place in the distant country where the real scene is located, much more than to the room in America or England where we saw the stereoscopic scene. After all, to get such an experience by means of the stereoscope is little, if any, more extraordinary, when we think of it, than our experience in connection with the telephone.

Now, whenever we do get this sense of location by the stereoscope it means that we have gained not merely accurate visual impressions of certain places in Russia, such as we should get if we went there in body, but also part of the very same feelings we should experience there. The only difference between the feelings gotten in the one case and the other is a difference of quantity or intensity, not a difference of kind. Therefore, the experiences we may gain through the stereoscope are not to be considered as mere make-believe experiences of being in distant places in Russia,—not substitutes for real experiences there. The representations of parts of Russia which are to be before us in the stereoscope will be substitutes for the real Russia, but the feelings they may stir

in us, as well as the visual impressions they may give us, are of the very same warp and woof as those gotten by going to Russia in the body.

In this beginning of a new century we hear much about modern advances in the solution of the problem of transportation. Electric railways, automobiles,—the outlook toward possible future developments is something marvelous. But our possession which most resembles the magic travelling-carpet of Aladdin in the old story is the stereoscope.

Nobody in these days needs argument for the desirability of travel. We travel to “see things,” to enlarge our personal experience of the world and its people, to gather in materials for thought and for growth in thought, and to increase our immediate and prospective resources of happiness. “Culture,” says Miss Blow in her *Study of Dante*, “is the process by which the individual reproduces in himself the experience of the race.”

The journey we are about to take, by the help of the stereoscope, through the heart of Russia, is one which can give us stores of delightful memories; at the same time it can—if we choose—be the occasion and incentive of a long course of reading and study. All we already know of Russian history,* politics, literature and social life will naturally make the sights we see more full of meaning and charm. On the other hand, every place we see in the land of the Czar, as we cross it from the Baltic to the Black Sea, will increase our healthy hunger

* A brief summary of Russian history is given on page 7 for convenient reference.

for a still fuller outlook into this world of ours and into the lives of the people, so like us, so unlike us, who share with ourselves the enjoyments and the responsibilities of being alive today.

How to Use Stereographs.

a. Experiment with the sliding-rack which holds the stereograph until you find the distance that suits the focus of your own eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.

b. Have a strong, steady light on the stereograph. This is often best obtainable by sitting with the back towards window or lamp, letting the light fall over one's shoulder on the face of the stereograph.

c. Hold the stereoscope with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you, the more strong will be your feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.

d. First, read the statements in regard to the *location on the appropriate maps*, of a place you are about to see, so as to have already in mind, when you look at a given view, just where you are and what is before you. After looking at the scene for the purpose of getting your location and the points of the compass clear, then read the explanatory comments on it. You will like to read portions of the text again after once looking at the stereograph, and then return to the view. Repeated returns to the text may be desirable, where there are many details

to be discovered. But read through once the text that bears on the location of each stereograph *before* taking up the stereograph in question; in this way you will know just where you are, and the feeling of actual presence on the ground will be much more real and satisfactory. On the maps you will find given the exact location of each successive standpoint (at the apex of the red V in each case) and the exact range of the view obtained from that standpoint (shown in each case by the space included between the spreading arms of the same V). The map system is admirably clear and satisfactory, giving an accurate idea of the progress of the journey, and really making one feel, after a little, quite at home among the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

c. Go slowly. Tourists are often reproached for their nervously hurried and superficial ways of glancing at sights in foreign lands. Travel by means of stereographs encourages leisurely and thoughtful enjoyment of whatever is worth enjoying. You may linger as long as you like in any particularly interesting spot, without fear of being left behind by train or steamboat. Indeed, you may return to the same spot as many times as you like, without any thought of repeated expense! Herein lies one of the chief delights of Russia-in-stereographs,—its easy accessibility. Edward Everett Hale, who has a genius for common sense, said once in a chapter of advice on how to travel:—

“Above all, see twice whatever is worth seeing.
Do not forget this rule—we remember what we see

twice. . . . At Malines—what we call Mechlin—our train stopped nearly an hour. At the station a crowd of guides were shouting that there was time to go and see Rubens' picture of ———, at the church of ———. This seemed to us a droll contrast to the cry at our stations, 'Fifteen minutes for refreshments!' It offered such æsthetic refreshment in the place of carnal oysters that, purely for frolic, we went to see. We were hurried across some sort of square into the church, saw the picture, admired it, came away, and forgot it—clear and clean forgot it! . . . I do not know what it was about any more than you do. But if I had gone to that church the next day, and seen it again, I should have fixed it forever on my memory.'

We all know how great is the pleasure of recalling before the mind's eye places or things that have once filled us with wonder and admiration. Stereographs make it easily possible to call up such scenes over and over again, not only to the mind's eye, but actually to our corporeal eyes, giving us precisely the same sensations as at first, only enriched and made fuller of meaning by virtue of the thinking we have done meanwhile. We all know books that we have read over and over, seeing in them each time more than we saw before, because we have taken to them each time a richer mind to do the reading. So repeated visits to the same place often surprise us with revelations of interesting and significant things quite overlooked in a first visit. And Russia is well worth such re-visiting.

ST. PETERSBURG.

We go now to the land of Peter the Great,—to the city which he built, almost by fiat, on the banks of the Neva river. The country between Viborg and St. Petersburg is a far-stretching level, largely made up of dismal marsh lands; it seems the last region imaginable in which to find a great modern city the size of Philadelphia, a city renowned all over the world as the centre of the Russian national life, a city where military schemes are shaped affecting the affairs of all the other great peoples of the world,—in short, the capital of the Czar.

A word or so should be said about the maps we are to use in connection with St. Petersburg. There is a general map of the city; a second map on a larger scale of the central section or the most important part of the city; a third map of the city and its environs, showing the city on a very small scale and some neighboring places we are to see, such as Tsarskoe Selo and Peterhof, and fourth, a plan of the Czar's palace and grounds at Peterhof. We should always read the Explanations printed in red on these maps until we understand perfectly the system by which the stereographed scenes are located.

For some time we shall use only the general map and the sectional map of St. Petersburg. Most of the places we are to see in the city will be indicated on the general map, but all the places we see in the central section of the city will be marked out more clearly on the special map of this section.

Taking the general map we can quickly get in mind the main

physical features of the city. The Neva river winds in from the east, and in three main branches empties into the Gulf of Finland on the west. The streets are very irregular, so we shall have to note our positions on the map carefully in order to get our bearings when on the ground.

We are to stand first in the Nevsky Prospect. Find the Admiralty building, almost in the center of the large map. It is marked 251 on the larger map and Admiralty on the sectional map. Running off to the right from this, a little south of east, is the Nevsky Prospect. We are to stand near the red circle enclosing the figure 8, and look toward the Admiralty; that is, nearly west. For a time it will be wise to use both maps.

Most cities have their favorite promenades, where the finer shops are found, and where in the fashionable season, society's carriages go by in elegant state. In St. Petersburg that characteristic street is the Nevsky Prospect (Perspective of the Neva).

8. Nevsky Prospect, the Principal Street of St. Petersburg.

Just now, on a midsummer noon, we find the street comparatively quiet, like any fashionable promenade in the unfashionable season. But, since we are spared the mental distraction of trying to take in all the gay details of the crowded Prospect as it appears in winter, carriages and sledges dashing by drawn by magnificent Orloff horses, officers and diplomats, court beauties, Cossack guards, perhaps even the Czar and the Czarina on their way to the Winter Palace at the farther end of the avenue,—we can now have eyes for the street itself.

As we know from our map, we are looking nearly west here, from the corner of the Imperial Library toward the Admiralty or

Navy Department. It is the slender, gilded spire of the Admiralty that we see away at the head of the Prospect. The street is an unbroken level and almost perfectly straight for three miles of its length, from the Admiralty to the Moscow railway station, and its width, as we see, is something imposing too. It is one hundred feet from building to building across the street. The car-tracks down the middle of the roadway are paved with cobble-stones; spaces to the right and left of the car-tracks are in many places paved with wood. The spaces next to us, along the low sidewalks, are left for hired carriages and carts. The low sun lays long, horizontal shadows across the sidewalks, even now at noon, making us realize that we are far up towards the north pole. We are, in fact, in about the same latitude as Dyea and the Chil-coot Pass.

The shops opposite here, on the sunny (north) side of the Prospect, are the more elegant and expensive. If we wish to be very luxurious we can have our lunch at one of the swell restaurants, ordering fish soup made of sterlet at five dollars a pound, or oysters, tiny ones, at twelve and one-half cents apiece. If we wish to do our shopping on a more modest scale, we ought to explore this long, two-story building here at our left. It extends seven hundred feet along the south side of the Prospect, and still farther on the cross street at right angles to the Prospect. It is the Gostinny Dvor or Great Bazar, a sort of perpetual fair, or collocation of retail shops,—over five hundred of them,—for almost every conceivable sort of goods. At Christmas time the space we see between the building and the sidewalk will be filled with other temporary booths, gay with Christmas trees, cakes and toys; and, again, just before Palm Sunday, the booths

reappear full of pussy-willow twigs, *verba* (the accepted substitute for palm branches) and gifts for Easter.

That tall building straight ahead with the signal tower is the City Hall. There must be a watchman somewhere on its balcony this very minute, pacing his beat and keeping a lookout for signs of fire. The watch is kept up day and night, and the location of any outbreak discovered is indicated to the fire department by means of those signals,—painted boards by day, colored lanterns by night.

That small building just this side of the City Hall is a chapel where the devout call for a minute to cross themselves before a favorite *ikon* or sacred picture. The Russo-Greek Church, unlike the Roman Catholic, does not encourage the use of crucifixes or other sculptured images to assist devotion, but the churches are full of painted pictures or *ikons*, partly covered with metal; the face and hands of the person represented are usually all of the painted image that is shown. The chapel just ahead has double attractions for our fellow-passengers on the Prospect, for in this particular chapel, all summer long, the priest in charge keeps a great bowl of water and a dipper, where thirsty mortals may help themselves, leaving in another bowl any small coin they happen to have, as an offering to the church. If we were to go in, it would be quite allowable for us to make change from the bowl, in case we had not the right coin at hand!

The people we meet now walking on the street are distinctly the ordinary working people. In St. Petersburg everybody who makes any pretensions at all to social importance rides about his affairs. Small shop-keepers and clerks on slender salaries manage some way to keep up a *droschky* and "appearances."

Indeed, the long distances and the cheap carriage hire make riding an easy luxury for the traveller. We can take a seat in one of the queer little two-story street-cars, running always in groups of threes, down the middle of the street alongside the tall, electric-light poles; or we can hire a carriage; better still, if we want to be as Russian as possible, we can hire a droschky, like these two that are just about passing where we stand. Russian cab and droschky drivers are eager for customers, and will take us any ordinary distance for ten or fifteen cents. The small wheels and the low-hung body make the droschky look like a toy phaeton. The horses, yes, the horses in these public droschkys do look unkempt and spiritless, but they really have plenty of spirit. There was never yet a droschky horse that could not go like the wind, if required, and at least appear to enjoy it.

Before we bargain with our *isvostschick* or droschky driver, let us turn for a moment directly about from where we have been standing and walk a few rods back, past the Imperial Library, to an open square where a monument to Catherine II stands in front of the Alexandra Theatre. According to our maps, we shall then be looking south.

9. Monument of Catherine II and Alexandra Theatre.

What have we here? Apparently a party of school-girls, around a buxom wet-nurse ("Kormilitza"), gorgeous in her diadem-shaped cap of velvet with gold embroidery,—the badge of her calling,—and the big bead necklace which she and the women of her class are always proud to own. She is evidently not at all averse to being admired. And where is her special

charge? Perhaps it is the baby carried by the little girl, back near the monument. We see one little girl here with a kerchief tied over her head who likely belongs outside of St. Petersburg, for that is a peasant fashion. The little fellow just behind the nurse has half a mind to be afraid of us.

The base of this monument is of Finland granite like that we saw used so freely in Helsingfors. Russia has a passion for monuments, and it is well that one of her grand duchies is rich in quarries. The colossal figure surmounting the monument is, of course, Catherine II, the "Semiramis of the North," the remarkable woman who was ruling over Russia during the time of Washington and Franklin,—an imperious beauty, a blue-stocking and a long-headed politician, all in one. The figures placed about the pedestal are those of distinguished Russians of Catherine's time. Among them, along with generals and statesmen, is Derzhavin; one at least of his poems is well known in its English translation:—

"O, Thou Eternal One, whose Presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide."

Another of the figures is that of the Princess Dashkoff, the first president of the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts, and herself an author.

This little square looks peaceful enough today, full of children and posy-beds, but it has seen ghastly sights in its time. In the middle of the eighteenth century, while Elizabeth (the daughter of Peter the Great, and the aunt of Catherine's husband) was Empress, one of the most beautiful and nobly born of the ladies of the court indulged in too free comments on Her Majesty's love affairs. She was brought here and whipped

in the presence of a great crowd of people, then banished from the country. They had rough ways of discouraging scandal-mongers in those old days.

The Alexandra Theatre, over at the farther side of the square, holds the past and the present together. Usually its stage is devoted to contemporary Russian or German comedy, but now and then it revives some of the very dramas that Catherine herself wrote, in the old times when she was the greatest woman in Europe. In Russia today the government helps support the theatres, interesting itself in the quality of the representations to the extent of appropriating funds for schools where actors and dancers are systematically taught their business.

And now, without keeping our droschky longer waiting, suppose we give ourselves into the care of the *isvostschick*, and let him take us down to the Winter Palace. No,—there is still one more sight we must first see in this neighborhood; that is, the bronze statues decorating the bridge, over which the Nevsky Prospect crosses the Fontanka Canal. St. Petersburg has several fine canals, forming convenient transportation ways across the city and adding a great deal to its beauty. Peter the Great took a great fancy to such water-ways during his visit to Holland, and imported the idea. This particular canal was constructed to carry water to the fountains in Peter's summer garden,—hence its name. Our next position can be seen on the maps, slightly to the right of Alexander Square.

10. Allegorical Statue, Man Conquering the Brute; Fontanka Bridge.

This bridge (it is sometimes called the Anitchkoff Bridge,

from an old palace near by) is now almost in the middle of the city, but one hundred years ago it was in the very outskirts of the capital. In the time of Alexander I it was made a rule that no incomer should be allowed to pass over, without leaving his name on record with the bridge keeper. The story is told that, at one time, respect for the rule had waned to such a point that passers-by made up jocose names for registry, merely to tease the recording clerk. This would never do. Respect for the law must be maintained. The officer in charge was instructed to detain in custody any person whose registration was suspected as not genuine. The first victim of the new regulations chanced to be an imperial comptroller called by a queer mixture of Russian and German, "Baltazàr Baltazàrovitch Kampenhausen"; the gate-keeper was sure this was a joke, and made the high dignitary wait, fuming with indignation, while his right to the processional name was being investigated.

There are four of these magnificent bronzes ornamenting the stone bridge, all differing in the poses of the man and the horse; and St. Petersburg is proud of them as the work of a Russian sculptor, Baron Klodt. See how finely the spirited vigor of animal nature and the calm, over-mastering strength of human nature are brought out! The angry beast might almost be Mazeppa's steed in the old story.

"Bring forth the horse! The horse was brought.
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
That looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer and untought,
With spur and bridle undefiled,—
'Twas but a day he had been caught.

And, snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led."

And, when we come to think of it, it is natural that Byron's description should fit this wild horse figured by a Russian sculptor, for the Mazeppa of the old story was a Cossack chief in the days of Peter the Great.

But here in St. Petersburg we are constantly reminded that a vast deal of nature is yet untamed. The very waters that flow under this bridge are a menace to the city, for the whole town is built on a low marsh, and inundations have more than once brought disaster. North-west gales blowing up the Gulf of Finland have more than once sent calamitous high tides rolling back into the city. There is a spot close by here, on the wall of the Anitchkoff Palace, where a mark is set, showing the point to which the waters rose in 1824,—almost fourteen feet above their normal level.

Now we will turn once more down the Nevsky Prospect, pass again by the square opening into the Prospect, where Catherine's statue stands before the Alexandra Theatre, drive down the broad avenue, alongside the great Bazaar and by the Town Hall with its signal tower, past rows of shops gorgeous with pictorial signs and with lettering in the quaint Russian alphabet,—until we come to the *Bolschaya Morskaya*, a street which crosses the Nevsky Prospect near its head, and which leads over to the Winter Palace of the Czar. On the maps we follow back along the Nevsky Prospect toward the left, past our two former positions, until we come to the *Bolschaya Morskaya*.

We shall take our stand now on this street where it crosses the Nevsky Prospect and look north.

II. **Bolschaya Morskaya.**

Here, as it happens at this particular time, we must halt our droschky, for the street has been cleared in readiness for the passage of the Czar and his guest (August, 1897) the German Emperor. The Czar often goes driving in the most simple, unostentatious fashion, without guard and without ceremony; but, when he does choose to appear in state, he receives the most punctilious public respect. The Russian colors that we see flying everywhere are red, white and blue, but usually arranged in parallel stripes, the blue in the middle, as we see in the banners that float from the buildings here and from the tall electric-light poles along the middle of the street. The German colors, black, white and red, are flying too, in compliment to Kaiser Wilhelm.

The better sort of streets in St. Petersburg are perpetually being swept by men like the one we see here with his long broom and his dust basket.

Aren't these sign-boards fascinating things? Bewildering too, for the characters of the Russian alphabet are just sufficiently suggestive of English, so that it seems as if we must be able to make them out. At the same time they are just sufficiently flavored with queer, unfamiliar marks to baffle us entirely. Meanwhile, not being preoccupied by any notion of what sounds the characters represent, we have all the better a chance to appreciate their really remarkable beauty as decorative shapes and patterns. Printed in gold on backgrounds of

rich red, green and blue, or in color on a gold background, they are a delight to the eye every time we see them. Tradition says that the Christian missionaries St. Cyril and St. Methodius, in the ninth century, invented this alphabet, or, rather, adapted it from the Greek. Peter the Great revised it in his own day. It is difficult to find anything in Russia which is not connected in some way with Peter the Great.

After royalty has gone by, this crowd along the sidewalks will disperse. Then we can move on, through that rather low, heavy archway just ahead, into the great Palace Square. After crossing the square we shall look back toward this archway, that is, toward the south-east. The sectional map will give our position more clearly.

12. Monument to Alexander I, Arch of Triumph and the Staab Building.

And here we are in the Palace Square. We have entered from the Bolschaya Morskaya through that archway, and have turned directly around, facing the point at which we entered the great open square. This is practically a huge parade-ground; twenty thousand soldiers have been massed here on great occasions. The Staab or General Staff Building, that we see forming an enormous semi-circle enclosing the south-east side of the square, includes the headquarters of various important governmental departments, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Ministry of Finance, the Department of Customs and others. It would be interesting to know the projects that are taking shape nowadays in the office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs!

The Russian nation is the greatest landholder in the world.

and it likes to do things generally on a large scale. Just look at this monument to the first Alexander, and try to believe that the shaft,—itself eighty-four feet high,—is one single block of granite! But it is quite true. It is the largest single stone that has ever been quarried since the time of the Egyptian obelisks. It weighs four hundred tons and came from Finland. Reckoning the pedestal (that is a single block about twenty-five feet each way) and the crowning figure of a cross-bearing angel, the whole height of the monument amounts to nearly one hundred and fifty-five feet. The ground all about here where we stand is “made land”; it was originally only an oozy marsh; and, in order to make a sufficiently solid foundation for the column, six lengths of piles were driven, one above another, into the treacherous earth.

Russia never will forget how Alexander defeated Napoleon in his attempt to invade the land; how the French advanced confidently to Moscow looking for easy victory; and how Alexander and the northern winter together drove them back, wounded, starving, freezing, dying by thousands along the dreadful way towards home. After that, what Russian would not adore Alexander? France and Russia today are friends and allies, but the Czar’s people still feel the old thrill of triumph over such a rout of the country’s invaders. And, besides, Alexander was an admirable ruler in days of peace. He had a good sense of justice and honor. He was a man of character. We remember the story they tell of his discussing with some adviser a measure he proposed to take for the permanent securing of a certain good to the public. He was told that the action proposed was not necessary, that the welfare of the people was

secure enough with a just man like himself on the throne. "Yes," said Alexander, "but, after all, that is only a fortunate accident."

If now we should turn exactly right-about-face, we should find ourselves viewing the front of the Winter Palace, which occupies the opposite (north-west) side of this same great, open square. But, in order to get a completer idea of the building, we will change our standpoint to a spot near the western end of the square, just where the Nevsky Prospect begins, and where we can see a part of two sides of the Imperial residence. The map shows that we shall then be looking about north.

13. The Imperial Winter Palace from the Nevsky Prospect.

Here is the famous palace where so many displays of court splendor have taken place. This palace was behind us while we stood looking at the Alexander Monument and the Staab Building. You know our former position was in the square on our right only a short distance beyond the limit of our vision in that direction. To the left of the palace we see the Great Neva—our first sight of it. The buildings beyond the river are on one of the islands.

As for the palace itself we can readily believe it is one of the largest residence structures in all Europe. This western end, opposite the linden-bordered avenue, we are told is three hundred and fifty feet long, and the main front, facing the square, nearly half as long again. The tree-lined avenue leads down to the Palace Bridge, by which we could cross over to one of the large islands in the Neva. And, by the way, we must be sure to see by-and-by those twin columns that loom up above

the trees, beyond the farther end of the street. They are over on one of the islands, and are counted among the curiosities of St. Petersburg.

Catherine II, the Catherine whose statue we saw near the Alexandra Theatre, built this palace in the eighteenth century. Imagine her as the historians describe her, a brilliant, stately beauty, riding on horseback from the palace door, an oak wreath on her head and a sword in her hand, to greet her army as its sovereign head! This palace includes a church of its own, a special place of worship for the royal family, and the reception rooms, *boudoirs* and chambers of state are almost innumerable. In old times this was the actual as well as the theoretical home of the imperial family, and this involved the housing of an enormous number of courtiers, retainers and servants. It is declared that five or six thousand people at a time have lived in the huge pile—really a city in itself. The building as we see it now is not precisely as it was in Catherine's day. A great fire in 1837 burned out much of the interior, and the restorations involved a good many changes. There is a doubtful tradition that, before the fire, watchmen who were stationed on the roof built cabins up there among the chimneys and set up housekeeping on that lofty plane with their wives and children.

But this was above the roof. Under the roof each generation, according to its own standard and fashion, has made the most lavish display of formal elegance. The court balls given here in the winter are said to be the most brilliant in all Europe, in point of decorations, costumes and jewels. In the times of Catherine II, while George and Martha Washington were living like simple gentlefolks at Mount Vernon, the frequenters of

the palace here were as splendid as wealth could make them. According to the chronicles of the time, people of fashion must have been gorgeous to behold; a historian of the times says, "Their buttons, their buckles, the scabbards of their swords, their epaulets, consisted of diamonds; and many persons even wore a triple cord of precious stones round the borders of their hats."

It is in a room here (in the Imperial Treasury), that the Russian crown jewels are kept,—stones whose value is really almost beyond count, like the possessions of a king in a fairy story. The Orloff Diamond, for one, is the largest of all the crown diamonds in Europe. They say it was once the eye of an idol in an Indian temple. Stolen by a French soldier, it passed through the hands of a Jew and an Armenian, then was purchased by Count Orloff and presented to Catherine II. It is set in the imperial sceptre.

But the Winter Palace stands for tragedy too, as well as for court splendor. It was to this very building that the good and great Alexander II, the Czar Liberator, in 1881 was brought home to die. He had freed forty-seven millions of his countrymen from serfdom, established schools, built railroads, reformed the legislation; he was—so tradition says—on the very eve of establishing a species of parliamentary representation for the people. But the insanity of Nihilism fixed on him for a victim, and he was murdered in a street just beyond here, over near the Summer Garden. Russia has not yet quite recovered from the horror of that day.

Catherine the Great, the builder of the Winter Palace, was

a student as well as a stateswoman, and she set apart a certain attached pavilion for her own particular, private den, fancifully calling it her "hermitage." The books, pictures and curios that she collected gradually made up a good-sized museum, and her successors added to them more and more, until another building had to be erected to hold them. Still the collection grew, and, some fifty years ago, the museum building was remodeled. It stands, as the map shows, by the other (north-east) end of this Winter Palace. Let us turn to the right, pass by the long façade of the Palace, and look at the famous peristyle or columned porch of the museum.

14. The Peristyle of the Hermitage.

How superbly impressive these granite giants are, upholding the roof of the nation's art treasury! Each one stands twenty-two feet high, and looks even taller, thanks to the sculptor's art which brought out so strongly the virile uprightness of their strongly modeled figures.

We could spend days and weeks wandering through the nearly endless rooms of this famous museum, for Russian wealth and Russian enthusiasm together have made it the storehouse of many of the finest existing masterpieces of art. The galleries are beautifully arranged.

15. Gallery of Modern Sculpture in the Hermitage.

Room after room like this we might pass through, full of the creations of celebrated sculptors from the times of Phidias through the days of Michaelangelo down to the present time. Gallery after gallery we might visit, lined with famous pictures, many of them priceless originals by the old masters,— pictures

that we know at home only through photographs or humble, black-and-white prints. The Spanish, Italian, Flemish and Dutch schools are particularly well represented here. But, if once we undertook to really see all that is worth seeing here in the Hermitage, we should never go away. We may as well make up our minds to the inevitable limitations of time. We must resolutely turn our backs on the rooms full of coins, of gems, of ancient and modern vases and rare pottery, of Oriental antiquities and curios, and go out once more into the open air, to study things more strictly Russian, about the streets and squares of the city.

The Neva river flows behind the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, as we have seen, and it is near the river that we shall find the favorite city parks. As we leave the Hermitage, we will take a short street running north-east, parallel with the river, until we come to the little park at its farther end, known as the Summer Garden.

16. Imperial Summer Garden, St. Petersburg.

Peter the Great built a house fronting on this open garden, and the Empress Anne erected in 1731 a still finer mansion known now as the Summer Palace. It is a smart little park, neatly kept, like all the public places in St. Petersburg, and offering us a grateful bit of green shade during the short Russian summer. In winter, the winds sweeping across here from the Neva are so deadly cold that the more delicate trees have to be wrapped in straw and boxed up to keep them from freezing. These statues are even swathed and protected in the same tender fashion, and not left to display their bare limbs, with shivering suggestive-

ness of rheumatism, to the icy blasts. Indeed, setting aside all sympathetic sentiment for the delicate nymphs and goddesses, it is a stroke of thrifty prudence to give them winter clothes, for St. Petersburg frosts can do dreadful havoc with stonework. That magnificent Alexander Column which we just saw (Stereograph 12), over in the Palace Square, has already had some ominous fissures made in it by the winter frosts; but, alas, the Alexander Column has to suffer the penalty of its greatness. It is too large to be covered up in the winter, and it must take its chances.

The people we meet here in the Summer Garden under the linden trees are of the well-to-do merchant classes. We always find nurses and children here as they are now, the little folks amusing themselves very much as our own babies do at home. There is a curious, underlying similarity in children's games the world over. Young people resort here too for love-making promenades. In old times the wooing was of a frankly business-like sort. On Whit Monday, a favorite festival among the many in the Russian church calendar, young girls of marriageable age used to be brought here by their mothers, dressed in their best clothes, the approximate amount of their dowries indicated by the richness of their jewelry, and deliberately ranged in line, for inspection by the young men. Critical youths walked up and down the line, and made their choice of sweethearts; this choice, if agreed to by the girl and her watchful mother, was confirmed by a formal betrothal and then consummated later by the wedding ceremony in church. Such bare-faced bargaining would shock the prosperous mammas of St. Petersburg to-day; but they do say that on Whit Monday, even now, a sur-

prising number of pretty girls always happen to be decorously walking here just when the eligible young men are out for their holiday stroll!

As we go about the streets of St. Petersburg, especially as we frequent this part of the city near the Neva, we are continually impressed by the marvelous success with which a great metropolis has been created out of a well-nigh hopeless north-land bog. The city is named for St. Peter, but it might well be counted the namesake of the old Czar who called it into existence less than two hundred years ago. If we want to realize what one man of genius can do to wake up a nation and set it on its feet, let us retrace our road, returning to the Winter Palace, and passing still farther west, by the great Admiralty building, to the north-west side of another great open square. There Peter the Great, in bronze, reins in his prancing horse and looks out over the Neva. Our position can be easily found on the map, to the west of the Admiralty.

17. Equestrian Statue of Peter the Great.

Considered just as a colossal monument, this is a fine piece of work. The pedestal is a single block of Finland granite weighing fifteen hundred tons; tradition says it is the very rock on which Peter once stood to watch and direct a battle with the Swedes. The bronze figure is seventeen and a half feet high, and contains some sixteen tons' weight of metal. The French sculptor Falconet, who cast the statue, secured the balance of the rearing horse by making him trample under foot a huge snake, emblematic of Difficulty and Danger. (We could see the serpent better from the other side of the pedestal, but this is the best point

of view for the stern horseman.) An immense weight was concentrated in the serpent's body and in the horse's hind legs, and the junction of the flowing tail with one of the snaky coils (it *looks* accidental) keeps the whole enormous mass solid and secure. The Latin inscription says, with dignified brevity, "To Peter I, by Catherine II, 1782." It seems a pity that the imperial donor's name should be rather more conspicuous than that of the hero himself, but Catherine, like other great people, had her little weaknesses.

There is a fascination about this grim, commanding figure. It is like what Peter the Great ought to be,—the man who only about two hundred years ago (1696) took in hand a nation hardly more than half civilized, hardly recognized among the European Powers, and put it in the way of being what it is now, one of the mightiest forces with which the civilized world has to reckon.

Russia owned vast inland territories, but no seaport. Peter took Turkish lands on the Black Sea, Persian lands on the Caspian, Swedish lands on the Gulf of Finland. Russia had no ships, no sailors, no knowledge of sea-craft. Peter went in person to Holland and set to work as a ship-carpenter's apprentice, learned the trade, such as it was two hundred years ago, from start to finish, filling up his spare time by studying rope-making, blacksmithing and a few other crafts, handy for a new nation to know. When he came back to Russia, it was to inaugurate one practical enterprise after another. He wanted, he said, "a window to look out into Europe." A city must be built on the Neva, for the national capital. The site was a desolate bog, away up towards the Arctic circle; there was no building stone,

there was hardly a peasant inhabitant. But everything is possible to a Peter the Great. Peasants and workmen were sent, willy-nilly, forty thousand at a time, from other parts of the empire, to live here and begin operations. Ships were constructed according to the newly learned system, land-lubbers were forced to swallow their prejudices and fears and to learn navigation. Shipmasters and teamsters were required to bring from distant quarries the vast quantities of stone needed at the new port to build quays and to lay solid foundations for prospective buildings. Every ship of a certain size had to bring thirty stones at each visit; smaller boats were required to bring ten; every peasant cart must bring at least three, whatever its other load. Peter himself lived in a cottage over on the north shore of the Neva and kept things moving. He made a vigorous foreman, when he was not a general leading the Russian army against his (naturally) numerous enemies, or an educator founding schools and libraries, or a prince exacting more or less elegant deference from his court. And a court he had, too; he simply issued orders that certain of the nobility should at once build residences in the new city, and palace after palace was obediently constructed, followed by the shops of merchants likewise summoned to help populate the new capital. It was a unique sort of "boom" in real estate!

What does the great Czar think of his work now? "Holy Russia," his beloved Russia, is what he meant she should grow to be, one of the Great Powers. Look closely at those blouse-clad boys loitering around the statue! They are rapidly being made into soldiers, hardy, persistent, obedient to the *Casabianca* point, every mother's son of them. The nation's arm is vastly longer

than it used to be. It has greater strength as well as wider range. And bronze Peter, on his rearing horse, gazes across the river as if there were still a good deal on his mind!

An interesting trait of our Russian cousins is the serious way in which they take their developing national history. They are a devoutly religious people, after their own fashion. Every house, even every shop, has its *ikon* or sacred picture, usually of Christ or the Virgin Mary, and to this picture—or to the personality it stands for—the greatest reverence is shown. There are dissenters from the popular faith among the people at large, but the orthodox Russian believes heartily in a Lord of heaven and earth, and, moreover, he believes as heartily that the Russians are the Lord's chosen people, specially beloved and protected by Him, and destined to inherit the earth here as well as heaven by-and-by. The Czar is, by virtue of his office, the anointed head of the Russian Church; the ceremony of his coronation includes a solemn, religious consecration, reckoned as a sort of sacrament. In Russia, Church and State are actually united in the person of the Czar.

The largest and most impressive of all places of worship in St. Petersburg is here beside us, opposite Peter's statue. If we turn to the right, from where we have been standing, we find ourselves facing one of the beautiful, great porticoes of St. Isaac's. The sectional map shows that we shall be on the north side of St. Isaac's, looking somewhat east of south.

18. St. Isaac's Cathedral, St. Petersburg.

This park extends for some distance all around us; the open square into which it merges stretches off behind us to the river-

side where Peter bestrides his horse and tramples the snake Difficulty under foot.

St. Isaac's is dedicated to a Dalmatian saint of the Greek Church, not to the Hebrew patriarch with whom we are more familiar. But, in our tourist eyes, it is a monument to the almost incredible persistency and the almost unlimited resources of Russian enterprise. One hundred years ago the ground on which we stand was a waste of boggy marsh. Fully a million dollars were spent in sinking a thick forest of piles to prepare for its stone foundations. The church itself was only forty years in building; it is from first to last the work of one architect,—Montferrand of France (the same man who designed the Alexander monument), and, having been completed less than fifty years ago, it has no ancient historic associations. Indeed, the exterior has nothing characteristically Russian about it except the beautifully picturesque Russian lettering of the inscriptions over the vast entrance porches. The legend over this entrance front, directly facing us, signifies: "The King shall rejoice in Thy strength, O Lord."

There are four great porches like this, one on each side; for the ground-plan of the building is a Greek cross; and entrance is given on three of the four sides alike. The eastern portico alone has no entrance doors, for here, as in all Russian churches, the altar and the *ikonostasis* or sacred screen occupy the eastern end.

As we look up at the building, we are more and more awed by the magnificence of its proportions. It is nearly four hundred feet in width. These steps are enormous single blocks of red-gray granite from Finland, fit for a giant's palace. Compare

the height of a man with that of the pillars, and see how enormous they are. They seem to grow taller as we study them. At first sight they were beautiful in their simple elegance, but when we realize the scale on which they are formed and placed, they become something marvelous. Each column is a single mass of rosy-reddish granite, sixty feet high and seven feet in diameter, polished like a jewel. There are only two larger single stones in the world; one is Pompey's Pillar in Egypt, and the other is the Column of Alexander, which we admired in the square opposite the Winter Palace (Stereograph 12). The Corinthian capitals of these porch pillars are of greenish bronze, making a fine contrast of color with the granite columns and with the marble of the walls. The triangular pediment or gable supported by these columns and filled with bronze bas-reliefs might in itself complete a lofty building, but it is, in fact, only the roof of an entrance porch. The marble walls of the cathedral proper rise higher and higher behind it. Above the horizontal line of the roof, with its cupola bell-towers, a circle of granite columns rises, surrounding the lofty drum of the dome. Just now there is a temporary scaffolding over the drum; some repairs or renovations must be in process. Higher and higher our eyes follow. Indistinct angel figures in bronze stand guard at regular intervals on the balcony above the higher circle of columns. Then above the angels' heads rises the dome like a gigantic bishop's cap of glittering gold, and, above all, the golden lantern, its summit three hundred and thirty-six feet from the ground. It takes one's breath away.

These bronze bas-reliefs in the pediment are worth detailed study as spirited bits of sculpture, though they contradict every

traditional custom of church architecture in the Greek communion. The Eastern church, as a rule, frowns on sculptured representations of sacred subjects. The sculptures of this pediment before us represent the Resurrection. The statue over the peak of the pediment is St. John; at the eaves, Peter and Paul. The figures surmounting the main building at its outer corners are colossal angels kneeling before candelabra twenty-two feet high.

It was in 1825, while St. Isaac's was building, that the Czar Nicholas I had a dramatic encounter with three revolting regiments right on this square where we now stand. It was a strange complication of things that led to the situation. Alexander I, son of Paul, and grandson of Catherine the Great, had just died, leaving no children, but, instead, three younger brothers, Constantine, Nicholas and Michael, Constantine being the eldest of these survivors. He was a somewhat eccentric character, and had for years spent most of his time at Warsaw, where he was Governor General of Poland, and had married a Polish wife. Nicholas, the second brother, being in St. Petersburg at the time of Alexander's death, proceeded naturally to proclaim the accession of Constantine as heir to the throne, and sent word to the new Czar at Warsaw to come home and be crowned. But, to the amazement of Nicholas, the elder brother declined the invitation with thanks, presenting, in turn, certain documents dating back to the time of his Polish marriage, by which it appeared that he had several years previously renounced any and all claims to the throne. This put a new face on the matter and made Nicholas himself the new Czar. The high officials of Church and State willingly took the oath of alle-

giance to him, but when it came to having the soldiers swear allegiance, there was great confusion. In the first place, the soldiers, not understanding Constantine's position, had an idea that Nicholas was a usurper; and, in the second place, the leaders of a revolutionary political party, who wished to overthrow the Romanoff dynasty and establish a constitutional monarchy, excited the troops to revolt and raised a rallying cry of *Constitutsia*, a cry which the illiterate soldiers confused with the name of Constantine, and that made matters all the worse. Three entire regiments massed themselves here in this square behind the statue of Peter the Great, in open revolt. Nicholas learned of the movement, and with his staff rode over here from the Winter Palace to meet the rebels. As the Czar drew near, an officer in one of the disaffected regiments advanced, his right hand thrust significantly into the breast of his uniform. The Czar steadily rode on till they were within a sword's length of each other. "What do you bring me?" asked Nicholas. The officer looked him in the eye; turned his horse; rode back to the ranks. He said afterwards: "The Czar looked at me with so terrible a glance that I *could* not kill him."

The insurgents were ordered to disperse, and at first refused, but a battery of artillery was brought up, and repeated volleys of cannon-shot brought them to submission and put an end to the incipient revolution.

Those who have the patience (and the muscle) to climb to the roof of St. Isaac's are rewarded by wide views in all directions over the city and its surroundings; for St. Petersburg is practically level and lies spread out like a map. We shall now

take our position on the roof of the Cathedral, and look out over the city in a direction slightly east of north. As we are now facing toward the south-east, it is evident that we shall then be looking directly toward what is now on our left. The two diverging red lines which indicate this new position on the maps show that we are to see part of the Admiralty building and also look over two former positions (Stereographs Nos. 12 and 13), thus seeing again the Winter Palace and the Alexander column in the Palace Square.

19. St. Petersburg from the Dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral.

Just at our feet is the War Office, with the arms of Russia emblazoned on its gabled roof,—a two-headed eagle, crowned, and grasping in its claws emblems of Russian Church and State. It is, of course, a symbol familiar to all good Russians. They tell a story of a young Grand Duke some years ago, who one day shot an uncommonly large bird while out hunting. One of the men-in-waiting picked up the prize, and, full of respectful enthusiasm, brought it to the sportsman. "Your Highness has killed an eagle," he announced. The Grand Duke was a nice boy, but he was better versed in horsemanship and fencing than in ornithology. He gave the trophy a hasty glance. "That's no eagle," he declared, scornfully, "it has only one head!"

The two-headed bird of Russia is an enormously significant emblem in these days. Germany, Austria, France, England, China, Japan, America,—all the world is interested to know the orders that go out from this building at our feet, the Russian War Office, with its absolutely impassive countenance of stone and its blankly non-committal, expressionless eyes of windows.

But all our gazing at the outside of the building will not summon its state secrets to view. We certainly shall not learn here "the lay of the land" in matters of state policy. It will be enough if we learn the literal lay-of-the-land, and get our local bearings clearly fixed in mind.

We are looking north-north-east, we must remember, over a part of the ground we have so lately traversed. That long (comparatively) low building with the cupola and the tall, slender spire, that we see at the left over the roof of the War Office, is the Admiralty, the seat of the Navy Department. The Nevsky Prospect begins, we know, nearly opposite the middle of this Admiralty Building, and runs off to the right between those chimney-crowned, tin-covered house tops that seem from this point of view so solidly massed together. Yes, we remember looking down the Nevsky Prospect from the corner of the Imperial Library, a half a mile or so beyond the limit of our vision on the right, and seeing this same slender, golden spire in the distance at the head of the avenue (Stereograph 8). Then it was near where the Prospect begins, there in the Admiralty Square, that we stood to admire the Winter Palace (Stereograph 13). That is the Winter Palace now, beyond the Admiralty, with its front nearly in line with the Admiralty front, and a little observation will show that we were then looking at the same side of the Palace that we now see all bathed in sunlight. The Hermitage Museum (Stereograph 14) must be just beyond the Palace. A little farther to the right we can see very clearly a part of the sun-lighted *façade* of the semi-circular mass of the General Staff Building (Stereograph 12), and, between us and the Staff Building, that noble shaft of the Alexander Monument

holds the cross-bearing angel up against the sky. It was into that open square there between the Winter Palace and the Staff Building that we emerged when we had gone through the arched passage at the end of the *Bolschaya Morskaya* (Stereograph 11).

The Admiralty and the Winter Palace are both directly on the bank of the Neva, of which we can catch a glimpse again over the lower roofs between the Winter Palace and the cupola of the Admiralty. The buildings that we see to the extreme left beyond the Admiralty and the Palace are on the islands that make up a great part of the city area, to the north; for instance, the spire that we see just at the right of the Admiralty spire is about a mile away, on the fortress cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul—the cathedral where Peter the Great lies buried. That fortress can be located better on the general map. We will go over there later. That spire is one of the tallest in Russia, three hundred and forty feet high. It is from the Admiralty spire here, on this nearer bank of the river, that signals are hung in times of high water, to warn the city of coming inundations. Over all the rest we look to the limits of the city on the north.

Suppose we go part way around the roof toward the left, and look off in a direction slightly west of north, but still from the same height.

20. Admiralty Building, University and Vasilii Ostrof.

Now we are looking almost directly north across the Neva to Vasilii Ostrof or Basil Island (Vassilievskaja). The park at our feet is the one from which we first viewed the cathedral on which we are standing (Stereograph 18). Indeed, you can see

the very same flower bed that was nearest us then, down our left here, between the third and fourth walk. The equestrian statue of Peter the Great (Stereograph 17) stands on the river bank at the edge of the park, but beyond the limit of our vision here. That nearest large building with the rows of granite columns and the gabled projection in the roof is the Admiralty again,—its western end. We remember we saw a section of this same end of the Admiralty when we were down on the ground looking up at Peter's commanding figure (Stereograph 17). It is the most natural thing in the world that Peter's effigy and the official home of the Navy Department should stand side by side, considering how dear to his heart was the enterprise of establishing a navy. It was Alexander I who erected the present building. In Peter's own day that site was occupied by common ship-yards, where he instructed his men in the art of boat building, and from which he sent them out to practice navigation on the river. The chroniclers say that some of the amateur skippers had a sorry time of it during their first lessons in seamanship. One unhappy noble, too much honored by the royal command to take charge of a vessel, put off from here and spent three miserable, hungry days tacking between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt, twenty miles down the Gulf, trying in vain to make a landing during rough weather.

From this high vantage point we are able to catch sight of two of the three branches into which the Neva divides, as it flows out through the city to the gulf of Finland on the west. The river nearest us, just beyond this park, is the main branch or channel of the Neva, and is known as the Bolchaia or Great Neva. The water dimly seen over the trees on the island of

Vasilii Ostrof is the Malaia or Little Neva. It is best to locate the field of view before us here on the general map of St. Petersburg also. We find the limits of our vision marked there by the two red lines which branch off in a north-westerly direction from St. Isaac's. These two lines have the number 20 at their extremities on the map margin. Now we can understand exactly what part of the Great Neva and of the Little Neva we have been looking at, and we can also see that the third branch of the Neva, known as the Nevka, which in turn divides into the Great and Little Nevka, leaves the Neva a mile beyond our vision limit on the right. It is clear now too that we see from our present position on St. Isaac's parts of the two islands formed by the Neva's three branches, the nearer Vasilii Ostrof, and beyond the Peterbourgsky Ostrof, or Peter's Island. In spite of the haze we are looking practically to the limits of the city toward the north-west. Beyond Peter's Island there are four smaller islands, formed by branches of the Nevka. These are more or less closely occupied, chiefly forming park-like suburbs, the favorite pleasure resorts of the towns-people.

In winter time this part of the Great Neva becomes a favorite place for fun and social gayety. The snow is cleared away, leaving wide roadways of ice for sleighs and sledges. Chairs mounted on broad runners are pushed about by men on skates. There are often exciting races over the frozen course, down where we see that little steamer, between us and Vasilii Island. That island is the commercial centre of the city, just as the region where we are now (the neighborhood of the War and Navy Departments, the Palace and the Staff Offices) is its political and social centre. Let us see . . . Yes, we can make out from

here one of the most notable landmarks of the island, something we have seen before in the distance and shall later see more closely. Away out to the right, above the Admiralty buildings, do you see the conspicuously dark side of another pile of buildings, and, beyond that, a tall column standing up against the horizon line? That is one of the pillars near the Bourse or Exchange, located on the end of the island; we saw both of the columns from the corner of the Winter Palace (Stereograph 13).

Over there on the island are also the Academy of Sciences and the National University, whose fine stone buildings are in sight just over the left-hand corner of the Admiralty, beyond that tall flag-staff. Some of the university graduates and members of the faculty have a wide reputation in their various subjects.

It was among the students of this university, as well as among the students in the universities of Kief and Moscow, that the disturbances started of which we have heard so much lately (1901). Rumors of plots to kill the Czar were numerous. In connection with these disturbances the Minister of Public Instruction was killed.

Now if we go around to another point on St. Isaac's roof, where we can look off toward the west, we shall get a further idea of the extent of the city.

21. Riding School of the Life Guards, Synod, Academy and Vasilii Ostrof.

The Czar's Chevalier Guards, a magnificently drilled part of the Russian army, have their Riding School in this temple-like

building at our feet,—impressive building, that. It is all the more impressive in contrast with that tiny box of a house close beside its nearest corner,—a mere shed or toy house it looks from here. That is one of the little houses to be seen here and there in St. Petersburg, where vendors of fruit, sweets, etc., retail to passers-by.

The plain, three-story building at the other side of the park is the Synod, the official headquarters of the ecclesiastical authorities of St. Petersburg. The street-car track that turns around the corner runs a few blocks alongside the narrow, tree-filled park and then, turning to the right, crosses the river (which runs between us and that huge, white building over yonder), by the Nicholas Bridge, and leads over to a point on Vasilii Ostrof. near where you see that same great building, the St. Petersburg Academy of Arts. In that art school many of the best-known Russian painters and sculptors have studied. Here in Russia, as everywhere else, art students are often desperately poor, and have hard struggles to maintain themselves while they are earning their fame. The greatest sculptor the country has yet known, Marc Antocolski, was thirty years ago working over there in the Academy, and trying to keep soul and body together on ten roubles (five dollars) a month. The dome of the Academy building is surmounted by a colossal statue of Minerva, the patron of the arts and goddess of wisdom; but, unfortunately, under the dome there must have been a great lack of wisdom, for the professors frowned on Antocolski's original spirit and methods, and would hardly look at him or at what he did. But, with the inspired egotism of the born artist, he kept on in his own way, and at last, one fine day the President of the Academy did look

at his wonderful statue of Ivan the Terrible, and was mightily impressed by it. The President brought an appreciative Grand Duchess to see it. The Grand Duchess brought the Czar. And from that time forth the genius who conceived the Ivan statue had no longer to live in a starving body. They made him a member of the Imperial Academy, gave him a government pension, and sent him to Rome to study and work according as it pleased him.

The Russians are not, as a rule, generally appreciative of art. Their chances to see fine pictures and statuary are very few in comparison with those of the people of Italy, Germany and France, where art galleries are numerous, and where the churches are the repositories of many of the best works of the greatest masters. Ecclesiastical art here in Russia is held, for the most part, within rigid bounds by the rules and traditions of the Eastern Church. The *ikons*, though amazingly numerous, seldom if ever depart from certain prescribed rules of execution; they are, as a rule, stiffly conventional symbols of persons and things rather than pictorial representations of the persons or things, making up in gorgeousness of setting (gold, silver and every sort of precious stones being lavishly used to represent, for instance, a Virgin's robe or halo) for the lack of expression in a sacred face.

We cross now to Vasilii Ostrof, the island we have been looking to several times, and which we see in the distance here. Those buildings which we see in line with the Academy of Arts are all facing the Neva, being the first row of buildings on the island. The map shows that we shall go on the third street

from the river, near its eastern end. There we shall see a characteristic bit of church ceremonial, where an *ikon* is being used — the setting-out of a procession of church dignitaries to bless the waters of the Neva and make them fit to drink.

22. St. Catherine Church and Holy-Water Procession.

We are just in time to stand here on the street corner and watch the people as they come out of the St. Catherine Church, yonder, on their way to the river which we have crossed. The river is behind us now, for we are looking nearly north from our station at the corner of First Line and Middle Prospect. See how punctiliously every man and boy in the crowd has bared his head in reverence for the sacred banners and pictures that are being borne down to the water. Many of these men have no notion how to read or write, but every one is taught to show respect for the emblems of the Church faith. Even this white-aproned apprentice boy near us, returning from some errand with that tin can and really quite absorbed at just this moment in staring at us, has taken off his greasy cap in honor of the approaching *ikon*.

Everything in Russia is introduced by an ecclesiastical blessing. They make even more of benediction here in Russia than in the countries where the Latin Church prevails. The Neva waters are blessed to make them fit to drink. The apple crop is blessed before anybody ventures to eat apples. The imperial standards are blessed at the opening of a military review. The flags are blessed at the beginning of the Nijni Novgorod fair. Just how this particular blessing of the river water performs its

mission, these shabby, good-natured folk seldom inquire. Meanwhile, all the world loves a procession. We do, too.

How interesting it is to study faces in a crowd! This man directly in front of us, turning to look across the street, so that we see his mild profile, is a thorough Russian, with his thick mop of hair and his full beard. The small boys over in the middle of the street, by the car track, are attractive little fellows. How they do admire and envy the policemen on horseback, who ride ahead to clear the way for the priests! A good many of the women in this neighborhood seem to be of the humbler classes, for they wear kerchiefs on their heads; that is a picturesque, kerchief-clad head, straight in front of us! See the young girl who *naively* shades her eyes with one hand, the better to gaze, wonderingly, at our foreign figures; just behind her is the wearer of the pretty kerchief, a fringed kerchief, probably the owner's Sunday best, draped effectively about the shoulders, over which a baby peers. And look at the man who stands with bowed, bare head, just beyond the kerchiefed mother with the baby. He has an interesting face; he might be a workingman in one of Tolstoi's stories. If only we could look at the world for just a minute through his eyes! It would be a world quite different from the one you and I know.

The service of blessing the Neva is performed by the priests of several different churches, all at the same time. Now let us go and watch that bit of ceremony. We will take our station near one of the temporary floats put in place for the occasion. The spot is near the extreme left-hand limit of our first view of Vasilii Ostrof (Stereograph 20), close by that part of the river where the little steamboat was plying when we looked off from

the roof of the great cathedral. The maps show that we shall be looking up to the same part of the island front that we saw before.

23. Blessing the Waters of the Neva, St. Petersburg.

There, off to the right, is the Academy of Sciences. We shall recognize our new position at once if we take a look at this building again from our former standpoint on the cathedral (Stereograph 20).

This floating platform, with its gay decorations, is put in place for the occasion only. The cross-crowned pavilion is the place of honor for the *ikons* and the chief dignitaries. There is an *ikon* now; we can see it just over the head of this first man in the row along the nearer side of the float, standing with his back to us. The picture is practically a mass of gold and jewels, only the faces of the Virgin and Child being painted, in sharp contrast with the glittering metal of their clothes.

Do you see how different the cross over the pavilion is from the crosses we oftenest see? The uppermost cross-bar represents the written inscription placed over the head of Christ by the Jews. The lowermost cross-bar, placed crookedly, has more than one signification. Sometimes it serves as a reminder of the earthquake that shook Calvary; again, it is a reminder of an ancient tradition of the Eastern Church, which says that Christ's was a crippled body, that He had one leg shorter than the other, taking upon Himself in the flesh all the humiliations and disabilities of physical imperfection. This elaboration of the cross is very common everywhere in Russia.

The priests are gorgeous when arrayed in robes like these, stiff with embroideries in silk, silver, gold and precious stones. Their long hair and full beards look strange to our western eyes, more accustomed to the shaven faces of Roman Catholic prelates; and stranger still seems at first the fact that they are married men. The Black Clergy or monastic brethren are, of course, vowed to celibacy, but the White Clergy or parish priests are not merely allowed but definitely required to marry before they can be ordained. Their income, beyond a certain limited amount provided by the government, is dependent on the performance of the official duties of the parishes. Fees for christenings, marriages, burials and the like bring in large amounts in rich parishes in the large towns, but out in the country districts many of the priests have a hard time to make both ends meet. They do not even have much to hope for through professional promotion, for important positions in the cities are likely to be given to priests from the monasteries. There are no organs in this land of the Eastern Church; the music is wonderfully good in its own way, but it is altogether vocal. Priests and singers are given long and careful training in the chants and intoned prayers of the ritual service, and their voices, always strong, are often beautiful as well.

One of the interesting places to visit on Vasilii Ostrof is the Bourse or Exchange at the eastern end of the island. We shall go there now. The sectional map shows that we take our stand first near the Exchange Building, and look back almost directly south across the river, toward parts of the city we have lately visited.

24. Palace Bridge, Admiralty and St. Isaac's Church, from the Exchange.

This is the Palace Bridge close by, so called because it crosses to the Winter Palace, which stands beyond our limit of vision on the right. In fact, the bridge leads over to a point near the farther end of the tree-lined avenue down which we looked a little while ago when we were standing by the corner of the Palace itself (Stereograph 13). It is a curious rather than an imposing structure, this bridge, for it is built in sections, of wood, and supported on floats, so that the whole structure can be taken to pieces and put out of the way when ice forms in the river.

Those are the Admiralty buildings once more, west of the bridge. They are arranged in a hollow square or rather a hollow oblong; this is a side opposite the one we saw when we first looked off from the roof of the cathedral (Stereograph 19). The slender spire straight in front of us is still conspicuous; we should recognize it from any new standpoint. The body of St. Isaac's is hidden by the Admiralty, but how that gigantic dome does dominate everything else! They say the sailors often make it out from away down the Gulf as far as Cronstadt.

Was there ever more lavish use of stone in street construction? Look at this granite sea-wall, the paved sidewalk, the roadway, the stone platform and these posts at our feet. They are a perpetual reminder of the stupendous task the Russians undertook when they set about building a national capital in this forsaken region. All these stones, great and small, were brought here for their purpose. It was fortunate for St. Petersburg that rocky Finland was so near. The labor of creating these solid

quays and streets might have been even greater. We cannot venture to say that anything would have been actually impossible with a man like long-headed, rough-and-ready Czar Peter to plan and execute.

This end of Vasilii Ostrof is devoted to the pursuit of money. It is the financial centre of Russia. We are standing on the base of a column; we see the granite blocks at our feet. Suppose we walk part way around this column now, and see what is going on in the opposite direction.

25. Bourse Place, Vasilii Ostrof.

We are looking north-north-west here, as our maps make clear again. At our feet again we have the granite posts, with chains attached for the protection of the column behind us. Off to the left is the street-car line which runs, as the sectional map shows, across the Palace Bridge. It was on our right a few minutes ago when we were looking back to the Admiralty. We saw this line also down on our left when near the Winter Palace (Stereograph 13). It is a busy place here; drays, carts, drosch-kys, street cars, ships, steamers. That strange construction facing us is one of the tall Mercury columns that we saw also from the head of the Nevsky Prospect (Stereograph 13). We are standing on the pedestal of its lofty mate. At that time the two were almost in line. We saw the column now in front of us when on St. Isaac's (Stereograph 20). Its queer, beak-shaped decorations of bronze, set at intervals in the granite shaft, represent the prows of vessels (Mercury, in the old classical traditions, was the presiding deity of commerce); and its summit bears, one hundred feet above the ground, a group of lanterns often lighted at night

and visible from a long distance. That cathedral which we see looming up just beyond the Mercury tower is one of the few churches in St. Petersburg which show the old-time Russian predilection for an assemblage of small domes on a single building. We shall see many more of those oddly grouped domes, when we go on to Moscow.

Meanwhile, here is the swarming life of St. Petersburg right around us. This is the best chance we have yet found to see droschkys at close range. They do not always have hood tops as here; often in the country towns they are without any covering whatever and even without any support for the back of the passenger. These drivers or *isvostschicks* are perfect types of their class, sleepy looking fellows with long, bushy hair, stiff hats and long frocks belted in at the waist. A Russian writer once said that the typical *isvostschick* looks as if he had a Turk for his father and a Quaker for his mother. There seem to be no definite regulations as to the cost of droschky hire. The guileless looking driver makes the best bargain that he can, beginning with a price three times what he will really accept, and lowering it little by little, volubly protesting the while that he is being ruined; and, indeed, he does not make any great amount of money, take the year together, for the holidays when droschkys are in great demand are not numerous enough to make his income roll up to any great amount. These men seldom speak any language but their own Russian, so the bargaining must be done in that tongue. Suppose we wish to go over to the Catherine Church (Stereograph 22); we call, "Isvostschick!" and one of these drivers moves over near us to see what is wanted. "Perva Linea ee Sredne Prospekt. Skolko Prossesh?" (First

Line and Middle Prosepect; how much do you ask?) "Shaist Greeven." (Thirty cents.) "Aito otchen dorogo; n'yai dahm bolaiyai dvatset kopeck." (It is too dear; I will give no more than ten cents.) He looks abused, and protests, "Niet, niet, treetset kopeck!" (No, no, fifteen cents.) Then we try, "Dvatset-pyait kopeck." (Twelve-and-a-half cents.) He shakes his head sorrowfully, and we turn away as if to find another droschky. He lets us go as long as he thinks we *may* turn back, and then calls out, "Pahzshahluyste!" (Please!) This means that he accepts our last offer, and we start off. At first he will drive rather slowly, in order to make us ask him to drive faster and promise, "Yeslee tee main'ya pavaiz'yosh paskaraiyai, to preebahvlew taibai na vodkoo." (If you drive well, I will add something for the drink.) Then the sleepy, little horse wakes up too; the funny, little vehicle goes spinning along like the very wind, and we get to our destination in less time than it took to drive the bargain. We pay him thirty-five kopecks instead of twenty-five, and he is perfectly satisfied, doffing his hat with "Blagahdaryou vahss!" (I thank you!), and goes off to find another customer, hoping the next one will be as generous in fees as we were. Sometimes two droschky drivers will compete for a waiting customer, tossing all sorts of jokes and playful abuse at each other; but, in the end, they always accept good-naturedly whatever decision the patron makes.

Job teamsters are numerous too, in this part of the town. They clamor eagerly over a job in prospect, but they belong to a labor union, and underbidding has to end at a certain point. At that point they are likely to draw lots, to see who shall do the

work. They are vociferous but kindly souls, asking little of life and—it must be confessed—getting little.

The harnesses of these wagons and drays are different in several respects from those to which we are accustomed. See that trace extending from shaft to axle on the wagon, loaded with barrels! It looks as if the main dependence were the tying of the shafts to the collar, the arched *douga*, meanwhile, holding the shafts a little apart, so that they do not actually rub the sides of the patient beast.

These odd, little street-cars, with the staircase leading up to the rail-enclosed top, are always interesting. Such double-decked tram-cars are used all over Europe. It must be much pleasanter to ride on the outer, upper seats than shut in down below. Horse-cars, yes, and evidently gas-lights here; but we saw electric-light poles on the Nevsky Prospect (Stereograph 8) and the Bolschaya Morskaya (Stereograph 11), so we know the city of the Czar is adopting the newest methods of city house-keeping. Where do you suppose that fine, large steamship comes from? And where do you suppose those vessels are going—the vessels whose masts we see as they lie by the quay? Russia's trade is on the increase, as it must needs be, though her own resources are nowhere near being fully developed. America's trade with Russia is at present less than that with the great European powers. Tools of various sorts are brought in here from America, but the American exports to the Czar's land are raw materials, largely cottons and oils. Russia sends out in return raw wool, hides, flax and hemp and a share of her precious platinum. Riga and the other ports on the Baltic take a good deal of the shipping trade; still, St. Petersburg is itself an important business

centre. The railroad service is being made more and more efficient all over the country, and, besides, Russia uses canals for freight transportation.

We turn now to the Bourse or Exchange Building on our left.

26. The Exchange Building.

This is where big "deals" are made, in the Exchange Building, round which our crowd of teams (Stereograph 25) was gathered. It seems an odd whim to build a Russian Bourse in the form of an old Greek temple, and flank it with pillars in honor of the classic god of commerce (Stereograph 25), but that was the taste of the architects of the first Alexander in 1815. It is as little Russian as the outside of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 18). No, it is to Moscow that we must look for quaintness in the national architecture. There we shall find buildings with all the flavor of the barbarously splendid old times of Boris and Ivan the Terrible. Just now we are in Russia-of-the-present and guessing at Russia-of-the-future. The fortunes that are made in this Exchange are going to be more and more of a power behind the Army and the Throne.

When we first looked from the roof of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 19) we saw the spire of the Cathedral of Peter and Paul far beyond the Admiralty across the river. Now we may enter that cathedral. It is part of the fortress that occupies a small island lying north-east of Vasilii Ostrof. The fortress has been a state prison since the time of its builder, Peter the Great. It was there his son Alexis was imprisoned for conspiracy; there the heir-apparent suddenly and mysteriously died

just after a stormy interview with the imperious Czar. Peter himself was buried in the fortress cathedral, and, with one exception (his grandson Peter II), all the Russian sovereigns since his day have been buried under the same roof.

27. Burial-Place of the Czars, in the Peter-Paul Church of the Fortress, St. Petersburg.

The body of the great Peter lies here. Alexander I, who drove Napoleon's armies out, rests here too, in a tomb commemorating the victories of 1812. Alexander II, who freed the serfs, is buried here. Just before us at the left are hung memorial wreaths in honor of the late Alexander III, father of the present Czar,—not perishable memorials made of real leaves, but wreaths executed in gold, silver and jewels, the gifts of monarchs and princes all over the world. When M. Faure, then President of France, visited St. Petersburg to cement the national alliance in 1897, he brought with him an offering for this sacred corner, an olive branch of gold.

Notice the two *ikons* at this nearest (left) corner of the wall. One hangs low, nearly facing us, the other is at right angles to the first, facing the open space in the middle of the church, and each one has a lamp hanging before it according to the reverent custom of the place. That must be still another *ikon* on the wall just this side of the balcony-like pulpit. Almost all these *ikons* were painted by priests in certain Russo-Greek monasteries. The people love them in spite of, or possibly because of, their strange stiffness and ceremonial rigidity. In Russian eyes they are far holier than Raphael's Madonnas or the frescoes of Fra Angelico.

An old Russian song in vogue after the death of Peter the Great pictures the feelings of one of the cathedral guards standing in this spot where we are now:—

“ In our holy Russia, in the glorious town of Peter, in the Cathedral of Peter and Paul, on the right side, by the tombs of the Czars, a young soldier was on duty. Standing there he thought, and thinking, he began to weep. He wept; it was a river that flowed. He sobbed; it was the throb of waves. Bathed in tears he cried: ‘ Alas, open, ye bands of coffins! Open, ye golden coverlets, and thou, O orthodox Czar, do thou awake; do thou arise! Look, master, on thy guard; contemplate all thine army; see how the regiments are disciplined, how the colonels are with the regiments, and all the majors with their horses, the captains at the head of their companies, the officers leading their divisions, the ensigns supporting the standards. They wait for thee!’ ”

The sacred pictures, or *ikons*, that we see on the wall at the left are characteristic of Russian churches. If we were near enough to see these in detail we should find them representing sacred personages in the same stiff, conventional manner, the faces and hands painted, and all the rest of the picture a mass of gold, silver and precious stones. Thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of jewels are often set into and around an *ikon* specially revered on account of its miracle-working powers. The Russian Church, as a rule, discourages sculptured representations of divine or saintly persons; but the devout pray before an *ikon* just as their brethren in the Latin Church pray before a crucifix, a statue or a painted picture.

We see no seats here, but that is not an exceptional arrangement due to the presence of the imperial tombs. There are never any seats for the worshippers in a Russian church. All through the long ritual service—it may be one hour, two, three, perhaps longer still on some great occasion—we should have to

stand; every Russian, even the Czar himself, stands or kneels according to the movement of the ritual. The priests—we saw some of them at the open-air service, blessing the waters (Stereograph 23)—are magnificently robed, and the singing is almost always beautiful. There is a great deal in the Russian church service to impress and awe the bystander, even though he was born and bred in an alien faith.

Let us take one last look at this rich interior of the Fortress Cathedral with its distant altar and candles, its cavernous, dusky roof, and its cold marble floor, under which the bodies of the Czars lie ranged,—and go out again under the blue sky into the sunshine.

In midsummer, everybody who can afford it goes away from the large cities to the seashore or the country. The royal family set the fashion by maintaining country residences, and the rich folk have their own villas and country seats. Besides, there is, of course, a permanent rural population surrounding the towns; and the contrast of high life and low life thus afforded is often most striking.

Let us go out a little way into the country, and get a glimpse of the simple, commonplace, out-of-door life of the peasants, as a balance for the royal magnificence and gloomy splendor of the tombs of the Czars.

For some time now we shall have occasion to make frequent reference to the map "Environs of St. Petersburg." The rectangles in red on this map, as on the general map of Russia, indicate the sections which are shown on a larger scale on other

maps. The place we are about to go to now is found on this map a few miles to the north-west of St. Petersburg, near Lakhta.

28. Making Hay in Russia.

Here, for instance, only a few miles outside St. Petersburg, we see a bit of characteristic country life. During harvest-times men and women often work together in the fields as we see them here. As in most European countries, the women do their share (possibly more than their share) of the rougher labor. In summer they often work bare-headed as we see them now, though those gay plaid kerchiefs, knotted about the necks of their calico gowns, do service for head-gear when needed.

Here in the country, just as in town, the men almost universally wear cloth caps with visors, and blouses loosely tied in around the waist above well-worn trousers.

Aren't those wooden rakes primitive, clumsy affairs? And still more primitive is the way in which the women gather up great loads of hay by hand, and carry it themselves to their little barns for storage. What would these simple plodders think if they could see the modern farm machinery of our own country? Almost all agricultural labor here in Russia is done at a great disadvantage with the poorest and most out-of-date tools; for, in the first place, these simple, kindly folk do not know there are any better helps; in the second place, if they did know it, few of them have money to buy improved machinery; and, in the third place, they are a conservative set; if they had both the information and the money, the chances are that they would for a time cling to the old, unhandy ways, saying dully: "What's the use?"

Public education has not yet spread so far out from the cities, or so far down through the ranks, as to do much for these descendants of the serfs; they have not yet waked up. But, if we are inclined to criticise the system of a country where too much education turns one class of citizens into Nihilists, and too little education leaves another class plodding dullards, it might be a good idea to remember that it is only forty years since the peasants were freed from serfdom, and that it takes time to bring about the right educational balance when one has one hundred and thirty-two million people to educate! That is the case with His Imperial Majesty, Nicholas II, at present.

The Russian system of peasant land-holding is a curious experiment in communistic ownership under an autocratic government. Each village is allotted a certain quantity of land, and the village commune, or Mir (composed of the peasants themselves), is responsible to the State for a certain amount of taxes, seventeen dollars a year from each head of a family, married man, or widow. Every head of a family is not only allowed but obliged to hold some amount of land; the amount is intended to be regulated by the number of persons belonging to the family. Nearly four hundred million acres of Russian land are thus in the hands of the peasantry; but, as a rule, the peasant landholder has no permanent right to any particular piece of land,—only to a certain share of the whole village tract. The family shares may be re-distributed once in a certain number of years, at the pleasure of the village council, though every landholder is himself a part of the Mir and can cast a vote regarding any question brought up for general discussion. The chairman of the Mir is a person of local importance, and the happiness of

misery of a village depends to a great extent on his personal character.

Why do not the more enterprising of these young fellows with the hay-rakes go off to make their fortunes in the large towns? Some of them do, and become rich in trades of various sorts; but it is not always an easy matter for a Russian countryman to seek "fresh woods and pastures new." Whether he goes or stays, a peasant land-holder belonging to a village commune *must* pay his share of the land tax. If his payments fail while he is seeking his fortune in St. Petersburg or Moscow, he may be summoned by the village police and summarily sent back to his acres by the city authorities. Our Russian-with-the-hoe has to confront difficulties somewhat more complicated than those of his brethren in other lands.

But even the Russian-with-the-hoe has a future, and his future is coming in over those steel rails that cross the fields in front of us. It is coming by way of the telegraph wires that we see reaching from pole to pole over these interminable plains. Where the railroad and the telegraph come, a better civilization follows, and Russia is making enormous strides in her forward progress. Forty years ago there were hardly five hundred miles of railroad in all Russia. Today there are over twenty-seven thousand miles in actual operation, and at least seven thousand more in process of construction. In 1899 the government expended sixty-five million dollars on the extension of railroads alone. They cannot be built in a day, nor can they bring modern ideas and New World prosperity in a day; but the better times are coming.

The country round about St. Petersburg needs a good deal of encouragement from mankind to make it smile. Its habitual expression is rather serious and doubtful. But where time and money have been spent upon it a sort of northern fairy-land has blossomed. Suppose we turn the other way—move down across the Gulf towards the south-west, to Peterhof, and see what Peter and his royal successors have succeeded in making of rural Russia in the vicinity of their own summer homes.

The imperial family have many residences. The Winter Palace (Stereograph 13) is a ceremonial home, a place for court balls and other formal festivities in the height of the social season; but the Czar and his household are really most at home in the summer palaces of Peterhof and Tsarskoe Selò, country suburbs, a few miles west from St. Petersburg proper. Suppose we go to Peterhof first. We shall catch glimpses of some great people there, and we shall see charming gardens, well worth the trouble of a short journey.

On the map "Environs of St. Petersburg" Peterhof is found about ten miles west of the capital city. To keep our bearings while about the Summer Palace we shall need to follow closely the special map "Peterhof." We shall stand first, as we find on this map, nearly half way between the landing stage and the Grand Chateau or Peterhof Palace, and look south along the canal to the palace front.

29. The Avenue of Fountains, Imperial Palace of Peterhof, Russia.

Is not the Emperor's garden like a bit of fairy-land? For fifteen hundred feet this gay, little canal is lined with fountains,

trees and gilded statues. That is Peterhof Palace at the head of the canal. We might guess from its name and from these elaborately constructed water-works that adorn the grounds, that the place is another monument to the aquatic tastes and the endless ingenuity of Peter the Great. There is no use in trying to get away from the reach of his personality in and about St. Petersburg. It is everywhere.

The fountains at the head of the canal almost hide the palace from where we stand. We can go nearer if we like, almost among those feathery jets of water. The tallest one, in the center, is fully eighty feet high.

30. Peterhof Palace, the Czar's Summer Residence.

It looks as if this great stairway might be as wet as the ascent of the bed of the Imatra Rapids (Stereograph 5); but the people, as you see, can walk at the foot of the terrace among the fountains, assuring us as to the existence of some dry avenue of passage. The fact is, the water has its own staircase, and people have another just beyond. It must be a beautiful sight to see when the fountains are illuminated on special festival days. There is an air of frank gayety about the place which is very attractive.

Peterhof is, during the summer, a centre of interest to travellers on account of its occupancy by the royal family. The present monarch does not spend nearly all the summer at Peterhof, but he and the gracious Empress often receive here their guests of honor.

We will climb now on the left of the fountains to the road

which runs along the front of the Palace. The map shows that we shall be looking toward the west or toward our right here.

31. Equipages before Petérhof Palace.

It is a common thing to see this larch-bordered avenue full of carriages as now. These happen to bring, not soldiers nor diplomats nor political magnates, but members of a Geological Commission visiting Russia during the summer (1897).

The Palace itself certainly is not especially beautiful. Russian architecture of the last two hundred years has not much to recommend it or distinguish it from showy, florid building in other parts of Europe. It is only when we see Moscow that we shall really know characteristic Russian architecture. And it is worth knowing. The fantastic dome crowning the cupola yonder is a hint of what we are to see in Moscow.

The Russians themselves tell a good story about how the Czar Nicholas I one day asked a certain sentry whom he found pacing up and down a certain beat here in the Peterhof park, why he was stationed at that particular spot. The sentry did not know; he was ordered there; that was all. The Czar asked the officer in charge. The guard did not know. It had always been customary to keep a sentry perpetually pacing that particular path. The inquiry was pushed still farther back, to officers who knew only the unbroken tradition; and at last it was found that, away back in the eighteenth-century days of Catherine II, a sentry had been set to guard a certain rosebud which the empress desired to see unfold, and, as the order for a guard had never been formally revoked, there had been a guard ever since. "Theirs not to question why!"

L. of C.

The visiting geologists, whose carriages we see here are, by virtue of their profession, living interrogation points. Ah, well,—it takes all sorts of people to make up a world.

This meeting with the Geological Commission is an interesting incident. Our main purpose in coming up to the palace itself is to see the fountains from still another standpoint. Of course, the fountains are on our right here; we have only to turn in that direction to have them spread out before us. According to the map we shall then be facing north.

32. The Fountains, from Peterhof Palace.

Surely there is nothing on earth more beautiful in its way than water dancing in the sun! And here the statues that seem to be playing with the waters are gilded so that they gleam and glitter through the spray, giving a double effect of gayety. It is, perhaps, a childish sort of spectacle. The Russians are frankly fond of striking colors and bright, glittering, shining things, like a nation of good-natured children, and we certainly have no notion of criticising them for it here; the whole scene has such an air of enticing gayety. The feathery larches and fir trees are not tall enough to give any effect of cathedral sombreness. They only offer green shade in contrast to the glitter and gleam and splashing jollity of the fountains.

Some sculptor has connected these bronze water-sprites with this most spectacular collection of fountains in many ingenious ways.

Away at the farther end of the canal we see the shore of the Gulf of Finland, for Peterhof is a seaside resort. We will go

down on the Czar's pier presently, for important guests are coming and going. Perhaps we may catch a glimpse of them.

But what is it they tell us? The Czarina and the Empress of Germany are driving through the park, and we must hurry if we wish to see them. Dancing fountains are beautiful, but live empresses are still more attractive to us austere republican folks!

They are to be found in the park off to our right.

33. Their Majesties the Empresses of Russia and Germany Driving through Peterhof Park.

It is the Czarina who sits nearest to us. The Empress of Germany is at her right hand.

The Czarina is said to be both lovely and lovable, the sort of woman whom we could wish to see on a throne. She has three little daughters, but there is as yet (1901) no Czarevitch or Crown Prince. She herself was the daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt and Princess Alice of England, which makes her Victoria's granddaughter and a niece of King Edward VII. When she was married she followed the custom of new Czarinas, and took a Russian name, Alexandra Feodorovna. The Emperor of Germany is her own cousin, for his mother was the Princess Royal of England, Victoria's eldest daughter. The German Empress was Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.

It is not often that such great people visit their cousins. The European papers (1897) have been full of the doings of the last day or two since their Imperial Majesties came from Germany. Receptions, reviews, state dinners,—it means hard work in its way to wear a crowned head.

This carriage that the Czarina uses today is comparatively simple; but the one in which she rode through Moscow to her coronation,—that was like the carriages in Aladdin's stable, if, indeed, Aladdin kept horses as well as magic travelling carpets. The coach itself was gilded like the most elegant of jewel boxes, drawn by eight snow-white stallions in gilded harness, their heads decorated with snowy ostrich feathers. It must have been a gorgeous sight, but, after all, this more modest equipage suits the gentle lady very well. Good fortune to her!

There are all sorts of odd, little pavilions and cottages scattered through these grounds, associated in one way or another with the studies and recreations of different royal personages. We shall see one in another part of the grounds.

34. Narcissus Fountain, on Empress Island, Peterhof.

The Peterhof gardens are full of statues; the fountains themselves are often of statuary, half hidden while the waters play. The waters are so beautiful we forgive them for hiding the statuary; but when once in a while we come upon a basin where the water is not turned on, it is likely to be worth looking at. This is one of the designs most admired for the ingenuity of its idea and the grace with which the idea has been carried out. Narcissus, we remember, was the youth in the old Greek story whom Nemesis punished for his cold temperament, making him learn to his sorrow how it feels to be hopelessly in love. The poor boy was bewitched by the beauty of his own reflection in a fountain; he gazed upon it, breathed vows and petitions to it, but sighed and swore in vain, for the charming image would never come up out of the water to meet him.

And here he is, poor lad, watching for the enchanting reflection to reappear, as it will do when the gardener turns the water on once more.

If we had time, we would go into this pavilion near by, for it is modeled after the old Pompeian houses. But we will not spare the time for it now.

Again comes the word that there is something to see; this time it is the Russian Imperial Guard down on the pier at the end of the canal (Stereograph 31), waiting for the German Emperor to embark for St. Petersburg.

35. The Russian Imperial Guard Awaiting the German Emperor, Peterhof Pier.

We might know this was a holiday occasion, for these soldiers, each one ready for a fight to the death when the right time comes, are just now taking life easily without over-strict adherence to the etiquette of "eyes front." See, several of these stiff, bearded fellows are looking this way with smiling curiosity. There are both German and Russian flags floating in the light breeze which blows up the Gulf of Finland.

The map shows we are looking west on the pier. So St. Petersburg is still farther up the Gulf back of us (east).

The yacht *Alexandria* is lying here alongside the pier. That is a bit of her bows at the right.

Russia's main strength lies in her men, trained to fight for God and the Czar. Every man over twenty-one is liable to be called into the army. They are drilled to the last point of obedient effectiveness, fearing nothing, enduring anything, and filled with almost fanatical faith in the righteous certainty that the Czar

must always win. It is said that there are some fifty thousand officers in the Russian army. These officers seldom, if ever, rise to their position from a place in the ranks. Certain social as well as soldierly qualifications are necessary to the holder of an officer's commission. Indeed, there are a number of distinguished foreigners in the Russian service. Curiously enough (curiously, considering the old-time attitude of France and Russia), Louis Napoleon, the second son of Princess Clothilde, is a colonel of the Czarina's Lancers. How times do change!

The royal guests are about leaving Peterhof, so we will go too, returning to St. Petersburg in hopes to catch another glimpse of them there. Wilhelm II and the Empress Augusta Victoria will be in the city for a day or two longer.

36. The Yacht *Alexandria*, Conveying the German Emperor, Passing the German Cadet Ship *Charlotta*.

It is fortunate that we hurried back from Peterhof. We are in time to see the royal yacht *Alexandria* with the German Emperor on board. First, though, we should understand our location. Turn to the general map of St. Petersburg, and look for the St. Nicholas bridge over the Great Neva, some distance to the left, or west, of the Palace bridge, which we have seen before. A little to the left of this Nicholas bridge on the south bank of the Neva is found a red circle enclosing the number 36, and from this point our two red lines branch out toward the north-east, indicating our location. Now we can point out some familiar landmarks in the scene before us.

That is the Nicholas bridge yonder, in front of us, at the right, and beyond the bridge to the left of that first tall mast,

we can make out the needle-pointed spire of the fortress cathedral of Peter and Paul. We saw that spire once before, from the roof of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 19), but we were a little nearer to it then. By the way, Kaiser Wilhelm himself has just been over there to visit the burial place of the Czars in the cathedral; he brought from Berlin a memorial wreath for the tomb of the Czar's father, Alexander III (Stereograph 27). St. Isaac's and the Admiralty are away off at our right, not quite in range as we stand here.

The large building on the river bank, opposite where we are now, is the Art Academy which we have also seen before from another point on the roof of St. Isaac's (Stereograph 21).

And here comes the *Alexandria*, bearing the Czar with Kaiser Wilhelm as his guest. It was this *Alexandria* that met the German visitors off Kronstadt the day of their arrival in their own German vessel, and she has been at their service ever since. The Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Alexis, is the Russian High Admiral, but, while they were crossing over from Kronstadt to Peterhof, Wilhelm II was created by courtesy an Admiral of the Russian fleet. It was a graceful way to play with rather large commissions.

Don't you envy those German cadets on the Charlotta? Who would not be a sailor-boy if he could perch picturesquely in mid-air as these lads are doing, to salute the heads of the two great nations, Russia and Germany, as they go by? All the same, one would need a sailor's steady nerves to stand like a decorative flag-staff on one of those dizzy yards, as those boys are proudly doing. It is devoutly to be hoped that none of these boys may ever sail up the Neva on any less peaceful occasion than the present.

We cannot follow royalty everywhere, but we are fortunate enough to be admitted to certain ceremonies in the court-yard of the Alexander Hospital. The institution is under German management, and this visit of the Emperor and Empress naturally tends to give it special *prestige*. It is situated over on the island, not far back from the river, but beyond our range of vision on the left, as we see on the map.

37. Founding of the Alexander Hospital, St. Petersburg, by the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

Are we not fortunate? We do not exactly occupy front seats at this spectacle, but, better than that, we are precisely opposite the "front seats," or place of honor, where we can see the royal guests very well. That is Kaiser Wilhelm, the sovereign of the great German Empire, standing on the portico at the right of the head of the stairs. See, his breast is covered with decorations, and he holds some sort of paper in his hand. It is the Empress Augusta Victoria who stands next to him, and the ladies in the background are all court beauties, with enough titles and blue blood to populate a whole library of novels of European high life. Do you see that tall, bearded man at the extreme right, almost behind the trunk of this tree out in the court-yard? He is the Russian Grand Duke Michael, a brother of Alexander II and great-uncle to the present Czar, the General Field-Marshal and Chief of Artillery. It must be a strange experience to come near being the autocrat of one-seventh of the whole earth, and yet never quite mount the throne. Wouldn't it be interesting to know what these great folk think in their own hearts about the drama in which they are cast for such prominent *rôles*? Do

they always take themselves seriously, always think of themselves in capital letters, as it were? It must be immensely difficult—if indeed it be possible—for an Emperor to put the habitual attitude of the public quite out of his consciousness and feel just as any other man would feel; that is, it must be difficult after one is grown up. They tell here in Russia a pretty story of a little daughter of stern Nicholas I, who said one day to the monarch whose frowns were something unspeakable, “I know, dear papa, you have no wish greater than to make mamma happy.” Dear little maid! But she never lived to grow up.

The choir-men here in front of us are all ready with their music. There is to be a solemn religious service, and, after it is over, the great Russian dignitaries are to be formally presented to the German sovereigns. As for us, we are neither Russian nor great, so this will be our own nearest view of their Majesties. At all events, we have had our glimpse of the august heads of the vast German empire. That is what we came for. And it is our last opportunity, too, for the royal visit is about to end.

It is not, however, the end of our opportunity to see great people of one sort or another, for at the time we are seeing St. Petersburg (1897) the Czar and the Czarina welcome the coming almost while they speed the parting guest. The decorations which we saw in Peterhof Park (Stereograph 33) have already been hastily remodeled to do honor to another guest, M. Felix Faure, President of the Republic of France. Wherever the initials of Wilhelm had appeared, there are now emblazoned the letters R. F. (*Republique Française*), and the black-white-and-red flags of Germany have been taken down and replaced by the

French tricolor. It is a good thing for the public treasury that the decorations can thus easily be made over and so serve a second time. Their first installation must have cost a pretty penny.

President Faure also has, so we hear, been met at Kronstadt by the Czar and the Grand Duke Alexis, and taken on board the *Alexandria* to Peterhof. From Peterhof he has come to St. Petersburg. The mayor of the city has offered him bread and salt, symbolic of the hospitality of the metropolis, and now one function rapidly succeeds another in the programme arranged for his entertainment or in his honor.

One of the most important and significant courtesies extended to President Faure is the Czar's invitation to assist in laying the corner-stone of the new Troitsky bridge over the Neva. The old bridge is a movable affair made of wood, somewhat after the fashion of the Palace bridge which we inspected from near the Exchange on Vasilii Ostrof (Stereograph 24). The new one is to be of permanent form and materials. It had been planned to make the new bridge the text for special festivities in honor of the silver wedding of Alexander III; but when man—even a Czar—proposes, it is still God who disposes. Alexander's body is laid away in the cathedral of Peter and Paul (Stereograph 27), and it is Alexander's son who sits on the throne when the great day comes. All that President Faure could do for the Czar Alexander was to bring a golden olive branch to lay upon his tomb in that corner we so well remember in the fortress cathedral.

Either the general map of St. Petersburg or the map of the central section of the city will indicate the place where we

are to see this most interesting ceremony. We find the Troitsky bridge about as far to the east as the Nicholas bridge was to the west of the Palace bridge. The corner-stone laying is to be near the southern end of the bridge.

38. The Czar of Russia and the French President Laying the Corner-stone of the Troitsky Bridge.

The Neva river is behind us. We are looking nearly south, facing the city proper. And what a crowd of Russian celebrities!

This gorgeously arrayed personage with the jewelled dome of a crown and robes stiff with embroidery is the highest acting official of the Russian Church, Monseigneur Palladius, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg. The Czar is *ex officio* head of the Church in a certain sense, but the Metropolitan is its head so far as practical facts are concerned, being the presiding officer of the Synod, under whose jurisdiction all questions of ecclesiastical polity are decided. And here is the great Nicholas himself, directly facing the Metropolitan. He looks just like the pictures we have seen; we should know him at once. His simple, soldierly costume seems wholly unassuming, compared with the Metropolitan's splendor, even with all the decorations on his breast. His close-trimmed full beard is just as we have seen it in his portraits, and he has the same way of looking straight out from under his eyebrows. He looks like a soldier and a gentleman. What a frightful weight of responsibility there is resting on those square shoulders of his! To think that the lives and fortunes of over a hundred and thirty million people (almost twice as many as the whole population of the United States) are absolutely at his disposal! We free-and-easy, as-good-as-the-

next-man Americans can hardly realize the different conditions that prevail in Russia, our customary modes of thought are so unlike those of the land of the Czar. An American, talking with a prominent Russian not long ago about the importance of the construction of the great Trans-Siberian railway and its prospective opening of a way for Russian troops and supplies to reach the open seas, observed that, after all, it would be difficult to utilize the railroad fully, in an emergency, for the transportation of any considerable number of men or amounts of supplies, because of insufficiency of rolling-stock. "You don't understand at all," said the Russian. "If it were so ordered, every railway car in the empire would be taken for the purpose." "But the damage to general business——" "That would not be considered. If the thing were necessary it would simply be done."

But it is not within the bounds of human possibility for any one man, even Nicholas II, to personally originate or even to investigate fully all the projects of the government. Some of the other men whom we see here before us are actually a part of the autocracy, its vital organs.

That is President Felix Faure at the Czar's right hand, exactly facing us, the simple republican in the plain coat, just such as our own Chief Executive might wear. He is, of course, the guest of honor. The man at the Czar's left hand, with the full gray beard and dark hair, a cluster of decorations on his coat, is the Lord Mayor of St. Petersburg. He is the official who proffered to President Faure on his arrival the traditional bread-and-salt, as, indeed, he had done a few days previously for the German Emperor and Empress.

But let us see who else is here.

Look over to the left of the group first. At the extreme left, in the front row of spectators, do you see that middle-aged man in uniform, with shoulder-straps, a gilt belt and decorations on his coat—he has turned his head away to speak to another bystander? That is the Grand Duke Constantine, a cousin of the Czar. The man behind him, facing towards the left, is the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Paul. The decorated officer facing Constantine (the one with a high, bare forehead) is another uncle, the Grand Duke Alexis, High Admiral of the Russian fleet. He is the one who went down to Kronstadt with the Czar on the *Alexandria* to welcome in turn both the German sovereigns and the French President. Then there is an elderly man at the left of Alexis, or at his left hand, wearing huge, fringed epaulets, with a broad sash across his chest, and more decorations. He is Vice-Admiral Tyrtoff, the Minister of the Navy.

Yes, there is another most important person just behind the vice-admiral. Do you see just over the fringed epaulet on the vice-admiral's left shoulder that man with the short, white beard and the high, square roof of a head, a man who looks as if a good deal might be going on inside that same head? Look at him twice. He is Vannofski, the Minister of War (in 1897), a member of the Imperial Council and—next to the Czar—the leading member of the Committee on the Trans-Siberian Railway and, in 1901, appointed Minister of Public Instruction.

Prince Bieloselsky is a distinguished looking man. He is the handsome, tall, bearded officer whom we can see just over the crowned head of Monseigneur the Metropolitan. You can identify him by the many horizontal bars of gilt braid over the breast of his coat and the broad sash which crosses his chest

diagonally from the left shoulder. His dignified head hardly needs a crown like that of Monseigneur Palladius.

The plainer person just behind Prince Bieloselsky's right shoulder—at Minister Vannofski's left hand—is a prominent officer, General Boisdeffre. The light in his eyes makes him scowl a bit. Yes, there is still another famous officer, General Gervais, the rather thin-faced, care-worn man with epaulets and sash and decorations, who stands just behind handsome Prince Bieloselski's left shoulder.

The notables are really too many for us to note them all. Every man here is Somebody-in-Particular, somebody whose birth or official position, or both, entitle him to the greatest honors of the capital. And the people on the grand-stand and the balconies are important too. Grand duchesses and princesses are as thick as blackberries here today, and one must needs be very great indeed to be much noticed.

How President Faure's simple republican dignity does stand out in contrast with the magnificence of his hosts! People count it a very significant courtesy on the Czar's part, this invitation of the French President to assist in these consecration ceremonies. It is generally understood that it indicates a definitely friendly alliance of the two nations, the French and the Russian. So it is not merely a gay holiday show at which we are gazing here. It is an outward sign of a serious political attitude which may prove to be of vast importance to France, to Russia, to all Europe, even, it may be, to the whole civilized world. Nobody can yet tell how far the widening ripples from this little courtesy are going to spread.

President Faure has not long to stay. His first day was spent in receptions at Peterhof. His second day has seen the laying of the corner-stone of the Troitsky bridge. Next he is invited to review the Russian troops at Krasnoe Selò, a few miles outside the city. We will go see the review too; but, on the way, we shall have time for a glimpse of some other interesting places in the city and the region round about.

On our way to the railway station we can see one more St. Petersburg church, the famous cathedral of the Holy Trinity. This is found on the general map, nearly a mile and a half directly south of the Admiralty.

39. The Soldiers' Church, St. Petersburg, with the Monument of Turkish Cannon.

It reminds us of St. Isaac's, though it is not so large, and its domes are differently arranged. Besides, St. Isaac's great central dome was covered with gold-leaf, and these five clustered roofs are all sky blue, sprinkled thick with stars of gold. Russia does delight in gay effects of color.

This church itself is less than seventy years old, but it stands on the site of an older chapel where Peter the Great wedded his lowly born Catherine,—a match of doubtful promise according to general principles of suitability, but it turned out well, for the Empress made up in tact and good sense what she lacked in birth, education and breeding.

This present church was consecrated in 1835 and specially attached to the Ismailof Regiment of Guards, so it is popularly known as the Soldiers' Church. Indeed, one is reminded here more of war on earth than of peace in heaven, for the golden

stars and crosses are nowhere near as impressive as that unique monument facing it in the square. That monument is a memorial of the Russian victories over Turkey in 1877. St. Petersburg delights in monuments, and this one meant a good deal, for all those vertical columns that combine to make up the successive sections or stories of the metal shaft are cannon captured from the Turks. Counting the granite base and the bronze figure of Victory on the summit, with her laurel wreath in one hand and an olive branch in the other, the whole monument is nearly one hundred feet high.

It was a great war, that war of 1877 with Turkey. It came near being much greater than it was, too, for if the other European Powers had not interfered, in all human probability the Russians would have taken Constantinople and made the dream of the nation come true at last, that is, gained possession of the coveted door to the Mediterranean Sea.

The time is not yet.

To come down to trifles, what is that wagon yonder, just coming towards us around the corner near the monument? Surely a sort of wagon built like ordinary European and American vehicles, and the horse has no *douga* nodding over his shoulders. We have become so used to things Russian that it is a genuine surprise to see something so much like home.

Not far from Peterhof is another summer resort of the imperial family, Tsarskoe Selò (The Czar's Village). It has been a favorite retreat of city people ever since the beginnings of life in St. Petersburg. The little town is only fifteen miles from the metropolis, and the fact that the imperial family spend some

time here every year attracts each season a large colony of summer residents and a troop of summer visitors. There are two especially interesting palaces at Tsarskoe Selò, belonging to the royal family. We shall see both of them.

Again we must have recourse to the map "Environs of St. Petersburg." There we find Tsarskoe Selò about fifteen miles south of the main city.

40. The Alexander Palace, Tsarskoe Selò.

We come in sight of one of these palaces,—the Alexander Palace,—as we cross the Lesser Garden of the Imperial Park. It certainly looks like a delightful house, and it is no wonder the great Alexander was so fond of it. They say he used to live very simply here, with little show or state. One day in his time an English lady was walking down this path where we are now, when two dogs that were being exercised by a gentleman near by ran up to her with doggish curiosity; she was frightened, and their owner, seeing this, called them off and apologized to her for their bad manners. He seemed a very kindly and agreeable person, so the Englishwoman, being anxious to see all the sights intelligently, asked him all sorts of questions about the palace and the different pavilions and monuments in the grounds. "But most of all," she confided to him, "I want to see the Emperor. Where do you suppose I could catch a glimpse of him?" "Oh, you will very likely see him around here somewhere," her guide assured her. "He often walks here." She passed on and later met an officer, to whom she repeated her question about the Emperor. "That was the Emperor himself, madam," said the officer, "the gentleman with the dogs."

The same simplicity and hospitality are still kept up in this lovely, rambling park. These little folks sitting on the bank are children of the people, and this park is practically a free, open playground for them and such as they, with boats and swings and all sorts of out-of-door games freely at their command. The privilege does not seem to be abused either, for these embryo Russians, while they love to romp and run like human children the world over, seem to have naturally gentler manners than our young Americans, and can be trusted to keep out of uncouth pranks and destructive mischief.

The young Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses have their fun here, too. The Duchess of Edinburgh, Victoria's daughter-in-law, is an aunt of the present Czar Nicholas. When she was a little girl the size of our shy friend here on the grass, she used to play about here with her dolls. She and her brothers planted a good many of the willows that grow so abundantly alongside the water-courses (is not that a beautiful tree growing out over the water?); for they had the pretty custom of setting out the pussy-willow twigs that were given to them at church every Palm Sunday.

Continuing our walk to the part of the park known as the Old Garden, we come to a larger palace, an immense range of apartments with a frontage of nearly eight hundred feet.

41. The Largest of the Imperial Palaces, Tsarskoe Selò.

They say that once upon a time, in the reign of the great Catherine II (1762-1796), all the sculptured carvings on this huge *façade* were covered with gold-leaf, making the building as gorgeous as a giant's jewel-box. It was Catherine's way of keep-

ing up to the luxurious standard of European court life in the days when Louis XV set the pace.

The bulb-shaped domes, clustered on the roof yonder, show the location of a chapel where the royal family worship on special occasions. If we were to go in, we should find *ikons* set up to guide their devotions, and an open space in which the royal worshippers may stand or kneel. The palace apartments—as we might imagine from the outside—are almost endless in number (just count the windows that we can see from this one spot); and they are furnished like the most wildly extravagant rooms in the fairy-tales of our childhood. One has a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl in elaborate patterns, and walls incrustated with lapis-lazuli. Another has its walls entirely covered with panels of amber curiously cut and carved in high relief. It is a dream of regal recklessness, and sets off in strong contrast the comparatively quiet tastes of the present Czar.

We are becoming so used to the little droschkys as to take them as a matter of course; and really they are indispensable if one wishes to cover the ground quickly. Many of these droschky drivers, as we find, on talking with them, do not own their teams, but have contracts with an employer. They are obliged to pay to him a certain amount each day,—so much for ordinary days, twice as much for festival days; their own share is the difference between this amount paid over and the amount received from patrons. Sometimes they come out badly in balancing the accounts. But they are, for the most part, a good-natured set, and take life as it comes, thankful that hard times are no harder.

42. The Lake and Island in the Imperial Grounds, Tsarskoe Selò.

We have here just one more glimpse of the beautiful park before we go over to the great parade grounds. We could not go without seeing the lake; everybody goes rowing or sailing on the lake. Men are always in readiness to take visitors out without charge, as the guests of the Czar. See that row-boat crossing the lake and almost opposite the monument, with the odd, beak-shaped decorations. Can it be? It looks as if it had for passengers the same children whom we saw only a little while ago, sitting on the bank near that big willow tree, over by the Alexander Palace (Stereograph 40).

That pavilion over at the farther end of the lake is the Alexandrina pavilion, named for a little daughter of Nicholas I who used to go there to feed the swans.

Now if we wish to see something of the military review, we must drive over to Krasnoe Selò, or go by train; for crowds are already assembling to witness the annual display. Every August a review of some forty or fifty thousand troops takes place, beginning with a solemn benediction of the national flags by the Metropolitan. This time, the presence of the French President gives the occasion special distinction.

Turning to our map of the environs of St. Petersburg again we find Krasnoe Selò some ten miles to the west of Tsarskoe Selò. The country round about there is nearly level, and just outside the town a great plain is devoted to military evolutions and manœuvres. A small hill has been artificially constructed as a standpoint for observation, whence the movements of the troops can be seen for a long distance all-around.

43. The Czar of Russia at Krasnoe Selò.

It is like being in a gigantic theatre just before the performance begins. There are the regiments yonder, great, solid masses of men, trained to almost mechanical accuracy of movement, waiting for the word of command. This little hill at our left is the one where the observation stand is placed. The French President has just alighted from a carriage at the foot of this slope and—as the guest of honor—escorted the Czarina up the stairs to the pavilion from which they are to watch the manœuvres. (These cords, stretched down to the ground and fastened by tent-pegs, are the guy-ropes of one of the pavilions.) Now the Czar follows with the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, the wife of his uncle the Grand Duke Vladimir; and the movement of the troops will soon begin. The Czar himself is not to stay in the reviewing-stand. He will go down to the field to lead his own regiment, while the Czarina and President Faure and the lesser celebrities look on.

Now let us move off hurriedly to the right, where we can get a better view of the advancing troops.

44. Review of the Russian Troops by the French President.

That is the little hill at whose side we waited to see the Czar pass. He and the Grand Duchess Marie went up those stairs which we now face. You see that pavilion at the right, where two people are standing conspicuously in front of the others? The lady there in the light-colored gown is the Czarina and it is her escort, President Faure, whose coat looks so black in contrast with her airy *chiffons*.

The Czar has already gone galloping by at the head of his

regiment; a magnificent horseman he is, too. And now regiment after regiment is advancing from its place in that black mass we saw a little while ago in the edge of the plain (Stereograph 43), to show off before the first lady of the land and her guest. The Russian soldiers adore the Czar as if he were actually a god in the flesh; and if they do not always adore their officers they often do, and in any case they are disciplined into the most punctilious respect of manner. One odd characteristic of Russian army service is the way in which soldiers are taught to reply in concert, using certain prescribed, formal phrases, when complimented by a superior officer. If a colonel is pleased with the appearance of his men, and says, "Thank you, my children, you have done well," the proper thing, according to Russian military etiquette, is for the privates to respond promptly, with one accord, "We are glad to earn our colonel's approbation."

And don't they have to work to earn approbation! Cavalry men are put through courses of evolutions equal to the most spectacular riding in Colonel Cody's Wild West Show. Infantry men are taught to jump into and across deep ditches, to leap over high bars, to cross streams by walking a narrow rail, to scale smooth walls without ladders,—every sort of circus performance that could possibly come into use in a military campaign. And then, besides, there are corps of scouts, practised in every sort of strategic movements, many of which are far beyond the powers of any ordinary private soldier. In fact, here in Russia the limitations of the private soldier are reached in directions very different from those where our own soldiers' limitations are found. Here the average private is wholly uneducated, and no work involving any reading, writing or consultation of

maps or charts can be entrusted to him. The Russian army is a school with an elaborately varied curriculum.

The uniforms that we see resemble very closely (and one might almost think unfortunately) the uniforms of German soldiers. The prevailing color is dark green, though there are enough touches of grayish blue and dark red, gold and silver, scattered over the field, to lighten and brighten the sombreness of the green. The horses are fine and very well trained.

Still the regiments are advancing, advancing, with more to follow. It is really bewildering to try to watch so many figures, ready to shift and change at any instant. Let us rest our eyes by taking a look at a row of spectators, representatives from various foreign legations in St. Petersburg.

45. Foreign Representatives at the Military Review, Krasnoe Selò.

A good-looking set of men they are, and riding some first-rate horses. It is a curious bit of international courtesy, when we come to think of it, to invite representatives of a dozen foreign nations to inspect Russia's equipment for movements defensive and offensive against other people, themselves potentially included. But the serious side of military affairs cannot be always present to the mind of even a Russian general. Today it is only a gay pageant to which the neighbors are bidden; that is all.

And, in any case, probably there would be representatives of other governments here to see the show, if not in one capacity, then in another. It is an old joke that whenever German troops are being put through their manœuvres the crowd of on-lookers

always includes French observers in citizens' clothes. Indeed, the tale is told that a jocose policeman, endeavoring to clear a crowd out of the way of an advancing body of German cavalry, once called out: "Gentlemen and Messieurs the French officers, please move on!"

46. The Czar, Czarina and President of France Leaving Krasnoe Selò.

Everything comes to an end. The troops have paraded and been put through their paces to everybody's satisfaction. It is time to go.

We have come back, you see, to the convenient spot where we saw the Czar and the Grand Duchess Marie ascending the stairs (Stereograph 43). Here is the Czar once more, after taking his part in the parade, with the lovely woman who shares his throne and their dignified guest from Paris. All three of the great ones look more simple and unpretentious than the officer who follows them down the stairs from the pavilion. The men near us have the right hand lifted in salute; only the fat coachman seems privileged to give both hands as well as his mind to the horses. If a coachman's girth is the measure of his master's importance,—and they told us so in St. Petersburg,—this barrel-shaped Jehu is well fitted for his position. As a matter of fact, a broad expanse of frock like that may include some wadding as well as good orthodox flesh and blood. An effect of dignified corpulence is the elegant end desired.

Now that the troops are out of the way, we can see the immense extent of the level plain used for their evolutions. See how far it stretches away toward those distant masses of trees!

A body of soldiers, detailed for the purpose, keeps the crowd back, so as to give the imperial carriage free room to move away with an effective sweep. The Czar and Czarina and the President will in a moment more be on their way to the special train which takes them back to St. Petersburg, and after a banquet and some minor festivities, the friendly visit of the executive head of the great republic will be brought to a close. Good-night, then, and good-bye to Their Majesties and His Excellency. And may the golden olive branch which M. Faure brought with him presage peace for generations to come!

The significance of the French President's visit must needs be especially emphasized in our minds, from the fact that our own next movement is to be to Moscow, where so many of the old landmarks, at every turn, are associated with the very different sort of visit paid to Russia by Napoleon and his army less than one hundred years ago.

List of Places on the Maps "St. Petersburg" and "St. Petersburg, Central Part."

1. Slaughter House.....	F8	55. Cathedral of St. Alexander Nevsky	17
2. Academy of Arts.....	D5	56. Cathedral of St. Andrew.....	D5
3. Catholic Theological Academy.	D4	57. St. Isaac Cathedral.....	E5
4. Oirthodox Theological Academy	17	58. St. Nicholas Cathedral.....	E7
5. Medical Academy.....	G3	59. Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul	F4
6. Military Law School.....	E6	60. St. Sergius Cathedral.....	G4
7. Nicholas Academy.....	D5, 6	61. St. Vladimir Cathedral.....	E4
8. Academy of Science.....	E5	62. Ministry of Finance (Map II)..	E6
9. Administration of Imperial Stud	H5	Chapter of the Orders (Map II)	G4
10. Address Office.....	E7	63. Reservoir (Chateau d'Eau)...	I4
11. Grand Admiralty.....	E5	64. Palace of Lithuania.....	D6
12. New Admiralty.....	D6	65. Circus	G5
13. Aquarium	F3	66. Club of the Nobles.....	F5
14. Triumphal Arch of Moscow....	F9	67. House of the Town Command- ant.....	G5
15. Narva Triumphal Arch.....	C9	68. Conservatory	E6
16. Archives of the Empire.....	F5	69. Orthodox Consistory.....	I6
17. Old Arsenal.....	EF4	70. Imperial Control.....	E6
18. New Arsenal.....	H3	71. Cadet School, I.....	E5
19. Artillery Administration.....	G4	72. Cadet School, II.....	D3
20. State Bank.....	F6	73. Cadet School Alexandrovsky (Map II).....	G5
21. Imperial Library.....	G5	Cadet School Nicholas (Map II)	E6
22. Stock Exchange.....	E5	74. School of Pages.....	F6
23. Assay Office (Map II).....	F6	75. Custom House.....	D8
24. Araktcheev Barracks.....	I4	76. Old Custom House.....	E4
25. Artillery Barracks, 1 Brigade...	G5	77. School of Hospital Nurses....	G3
26. Artillery Barracks, 2 Brigade...	E7	78. Artillery (Michailovsky) School	G4
27. Horse Artillery Barracks	H5	79. Technical Artillery School....	G4
28. Foot Artillery Barracks.....	G4	80. Commercial School.....	G6
29. Sharpshooters' Barracks.....	G7	81. Artillery (Constantinovsky) School.....	F7
30. Life Guard Barracks.....	H4	82. Law School.....	G4
31. Cosak Guard Barracks.....	I7	83. Riding School.....	G5
32. Body (Imperial) Guard Barracks	G4	84. School of Engineers.....	G5
33. Horse Guard Barracks.....	E6	85. Military (Pavlovsky) School..	D3
34. Gendarme Barracks.....	H5	86. Naval School.....	D5
35. Grenadier Guard Barracks.....	F2	87. Cavalry Officers' School.....	I4
36. Palace Guard Barracks.....	G4	88. School of Prince of Olden- burg.....	E8
37. Ismaelovsky Regiment Barracks	E7	89. Professional School, I.....	D5
38. Marine Guard Barracks.....	E7	90. Professional School, II.....	G6
39. Finland Regiment Barracks....	C6	91. School for Deaf Mutes (Map II)	F6
40. Moscow Regiment Barracks....	G2	92. Anglican Church.....	D6
41. Pavlovsky Regiment Barracks.	F5	93. Lutheran Christ Church.....	F7
42. Preobrajensky Regiment Bar- racks (1st Battalion) Map II..	F5	94. Dutch Reform Church	F5
43. Preobrajensky Regiment Bar- racks, other battalions..	H5	95. German Reform Church.....	E6
44. Engineer Regiment Battalions	H6	96. French Reform Church.....	F5
45. Semenor Regiment Battalions..	F7	97. Armenian Church of Resurrec- tion.....	BC4
46. Military Telegraph Battalions..	H5	98. St. Anna Church.....	G4
47. Local Troops Battalions.....	F6	99. St. Catherine Armenian Church	F5
48. Commission for Amortisation of Public Debts (Map II).....	F6	100. St. Catherine Catholic Church.	D5
49. Alexander II. Cathedral	F5	101. St. Catherine Lutheran Church	D5
50. Kazan Cathedral.....	F5	102. St. Mary Catholic Church.....	H2
51. Cathedral of Resurrection.....	K4	103. St. Mary Finnish Church	F5
52. Cathedral of Transfiguration...	G5	104. St. Mary Lutheran Church....	E
53. Cathedral of the Trinity (Iz- mailor)	E7	105. St. John Lutheran Church.....	D6
54. Cathedral of the Trinity (St. Petersburg quarters).....	F4		

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|---------------------------------------|-------|---------------------------------------|-----|
| 106. St. Michael Lutheran Church. | D5 | 142. House of the Governor of the | |
| 107. St. Peter and Paul Lutheran | | City..... | E5 |
| Church | F5 | 143. I Gymnasium..... | G6 |
| 108. Orthodox Church of Annuncia- | | 144. II Gymnasium..... | F6 |
| tion | DE6 | 145. III Gymnasium..... | G5 |
| 109. Orthodox Church of Apparition | | 146. IV Gymnasium..... | D5 |
| of the Holy Virgin..... | H6 | 147. V Gymnasium..... | D7 |
| 110. Orthodox Church of the As- | | 148. VI Gymnasium..... | F6 |
| cension | F6 | 149. VII Gymnasium..... | I5 |
| 111. Orthodox Church of the As- | | 150. VIII Gymnasium..... | D5 |
| sumption..... | F6 | 151. IX Gymnasium..... | E3 |
| 112. Orthodox Church of Boris and | | 152. X Gymnasium..... | E7 |
| Gleb | 16 | 153. Gymnasium of Philanthropic | |
| 113. Orthodox Church of Cosma | | Society | E7 |
| and Demian | H4 | 154. Alexandrovsky Gymnasium... | F6 |
| 114. Orthodox Church of the Great | | 155. Catherine Gymnasium..... | E7 |
| Martyr Catherine..... | D4 | 156. Marünskaja Gymnasium..... | 16 |
| 115. Orthodox Church of the Ex- | | 157. Peter Gymnasium..... | E3 |
| altation of the Holy Cross.... | G7 | 158. Alexander Barrack Hospital.. | H6 |
| 116. Orthodox Church of the Inter- | | 159. Alexander Female Hospital... | G5 |
| cession of the Holy Virgin of | | 160. Alexander Municipal Hospital | E7 |
| Pokrov | D7 | 161. German Hospital..... | CD5 |
| 117. Orthodox Church of the Pres- | | 162. Insane (for) Hospital..... | G3 |
| entation..... | E3 | 163. Lying-in (of Prince of Olden- | |
| 118. Orthodox Church of the Res- | | burg) Hospital..... | H5 |
| urrection..... | D7 | 164. Obnkhov (of Prince of Olden- | |
| 119. Orthodox Church of the Trans- | | burg) Hospital..... | F7 |
| figuration | CD3 | 165. Elizabeth (of Prince of Olden- | |
| 120. Orthodox Church of the Trans- | | burg) Hospital..... | D7 |
| figuration..... | F2 | 166. Evangelic (of Prince of Olden- | |
| 121. Orthodox Church of the Holy | | burg) Hospital..... | H5 |
| Trinity | B6 | 167. Kaliukin (of Prince of Olden- | |
| 122. Orthodox Church of St. Cath- | | burg) Hospital..... | CD7 |
| erine..... | D7, 8 | 168. Marine (of Prince of Olden- | |
| 123. Orthodox Church of the Holy | | burg) Hospital..... | D7 |
| Virgin..... | H4 | 169. St. Mary Magdalen (of Prince | |
| 124. Orthodox Church of the Holy | | of Oldenburg) Hospital..... | D4 |
| Virgin of Vladimir..... | G6 | 170. Military (of Prince of Olden- | |
| 125. Orthodox Church of St. De- | | burg) Hospital..... | G3 |
| metrius | H5 | 171. Nicholas (of Prince of Olden- | |
| 126. Orthodox Church of St. Mat- | | burg) Hospital..... | F7 |
| thew | E3 | 172. Ophthalmic (of Prince of Old- | |
| 127. Orthodox Church of St. Nich- | | enburg) Hospital..... | G5 |
| olas..... | F1 | 173. Baronet Willie (of Prince of | |
| 128. Orthodox Church of St. Samp- | | Oldenburg) Hospital..... | G3 |
| son..... | G2 | 174. St. Olga (of Prince of Olden- | |
| 129. Orthodox Church of St. Simeon | | burg) Hospital..... | 14 |
| and St. Anna..... | G5 | 175. St. Peter and Paul (of Prince | |
| Orthodox Church (Swedish) | | of Oldenburg) Hospital..... | F2 |
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| 130. Old Salt Storage..... | G5 | 177. Asylum for Naval Invalids (of | |
| 131. Hermitage | F5 | Paul I)..... | E1 |
| 132. Chief Military Staff Building.. | F5 | 178. City Hall (Dooma) | F5 |
| 133. Bank Note and Securities | | 179. Alexander Institute..... | K4 |
| Printing Office | D7 | 180. Anatomical Institute..... | H3 |
| 134. Baltic Railroad Depot..... | E8 | 181. Catherine Institute..... | G5 |
| 135. Finland Railroad Depot..... | H3 | 182. Institute of the Maternity.... | D7 |
| 136. Irinovka Railroad Depot..... | K4 | 183. Institute of the Blind..... | D7 |
| 137. Sestroretzk Railroad Depot...DE1 | | 184. Institute of Civil Engineers.... | F7 |
| 138. Czarskoe-Selo Railroad Depot. | F7 | 185. Institute of Mining Engineers.. | C6 |
| 139. Warsaw Railroad Depot..... | E8 | 186. Institute of Engineers of Ways | |
| 140. Nicholas Railroad Depot..... | H6 | and Communications..... | F6 |
| 141. Gostiny Dvor (Bazar)..... | F5, 6 | 187. Elizabeth Institute..... | D5 |
| | | 188. Foresters' Institute..... | G1 |

189.	Historico-Philological Institute	E5
190.	Marünsky Institute.....	I5
191.	Nicholas Orphan Institute....	F5
192.	Patriotic Institute.....	D5
193.	Pavlovsky Institute.....	H5
194.	Smolny Institute.....	K4
195.	Technological Institnte.....	F7
196.	Veterinary Institute.....	GH3
197.	Xervia Institute.....	DE6
198.	Military Commissariat.....	E6
199.	Nemetti Garden.....	D6
200.	House of Detention.....	I7
201.	Riding School of Guard Caval- ry.....	E5
202.	Michailovsky Riding School..	G5
203.	Alexandrovsky Market.....	I6
204.	Andreevsky Market.....	D5
205.	Apraxin Court (door).....	F6
206.	Cattle Market.....	F8
207.	Krougly (Round) Market.....	F5
208.	Litovsky Market.....	DE6
209.	Miasnoi (meat) Jamskoi Mar- ket.....	G6, 7
210.	Nikolsky Market.....	E7
211.	Novo-Alexandrovsky Market.	E7
212.	Poostoi (empty) Market.....	G4
213.	Sennoi (hay) Market.....	F6
214.	Sytny Market.....	E3
215.	Ministry of War.....	E5
216.	Ministry of Justice.....	G5
217.	Ministry of Public Instruction.	F6
218.	Ministry of the Interior.....	F6
219.	Ministry of Foreign Affairs...	F5
220.	Ministry of the Imperial Domain	E6
221.	Ministry of Finance.....	F5
222.	Ministry of Ways and Com- munications	E7
223.	Mint	F4
224.	Monument of Alexander I....	F5
225.	Monument of Alexander I. ...	F3
226.	Monument of Alexander II....	E7
	Monument of Barclay de Tolli (Map II).....	F5
227.	Monument of Catherine II	F7
	Monument of Catherine II (Map II).....	I6
	Monument of Joukovsky (Map II ch.).....	E5
	Monument of Gogol (Map II Go.)	
228.	Monument of the Turkish War	E7
	Monument of Koutousov (Map II).....	F5
229.	Monument of Krusenstern....	D5
230.	Monument of Krylov.....	G4
	Monniment of Lermontor (Map II) L.....	E5
231.	Monument of Lomonosov (Map II).....	G6
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232.	Monument of Ponschkin.....	H6
	Monument of Przevalsky (Map II) Pr.....	E5
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	Monument of Souvoroff (Map II)	F4
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235.	Agricultural Museum	G4
236.	Museum of Alexander III.....	F5
237.	Zoological Museum.....	E5
238.	Meteorological Observatory...	C6
239.	Palace of Alexei Alexandro- vitch.....	D6
240.	Anitchkov Palace.....	G6
241.	Palace (marble) of Const. Nicol.	F4
242.	Palace of Kammenoi Ostrov..	E1
243.	Palace of Ekateringhof.....	C8
244.	Palace of Peter the Great.....	G4
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246.	Palace of Taurida.....	I4
247.	Winter Palace.....	EF5
248.	House of the State Council....	E6
249.	Palace of Prince of Oldenburg.	F4
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251.	Palace of Michail Michailovitch (Map II).....	E5
252.	Palace of Michail Nicolaevitch.	F4, 5
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	Nicolai Nic. (Old Instit. of Xenia).....	BC3
253.	Petrovsky Palace.....	
254.	Palace of Sergei Alexandrovitch	F5
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256.	Department of Police.....	G5
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260.	House of Preliminary Deten- tion.....	G4
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264.	Orthodox Seminary.....	I7
265.	Senate	E5
266.	Free Economic Society.....	F7
267.	Holy Synod.....	E5
268.	Synagogue.....	D6
269.	Telegraph	E6
270.	Alexander Theater.....	G6
271.	Kammeno-Ostrovsky Theater.	D1
272.	Hermitage Theater.....	F5
273.	Marünsky Theater.....	E6
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275.	Lesser Theater (Malyi).....	F6
276.	Theatrical School (Imperial Management of Theaters)	G6
277.	Central Treasury....	G4
	Treasury (Map II).....	E6
278.	District Court.....	G4
279.	Provincial Court.....	E6
280.	University	E5
281.	Gas Works.....	F8



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


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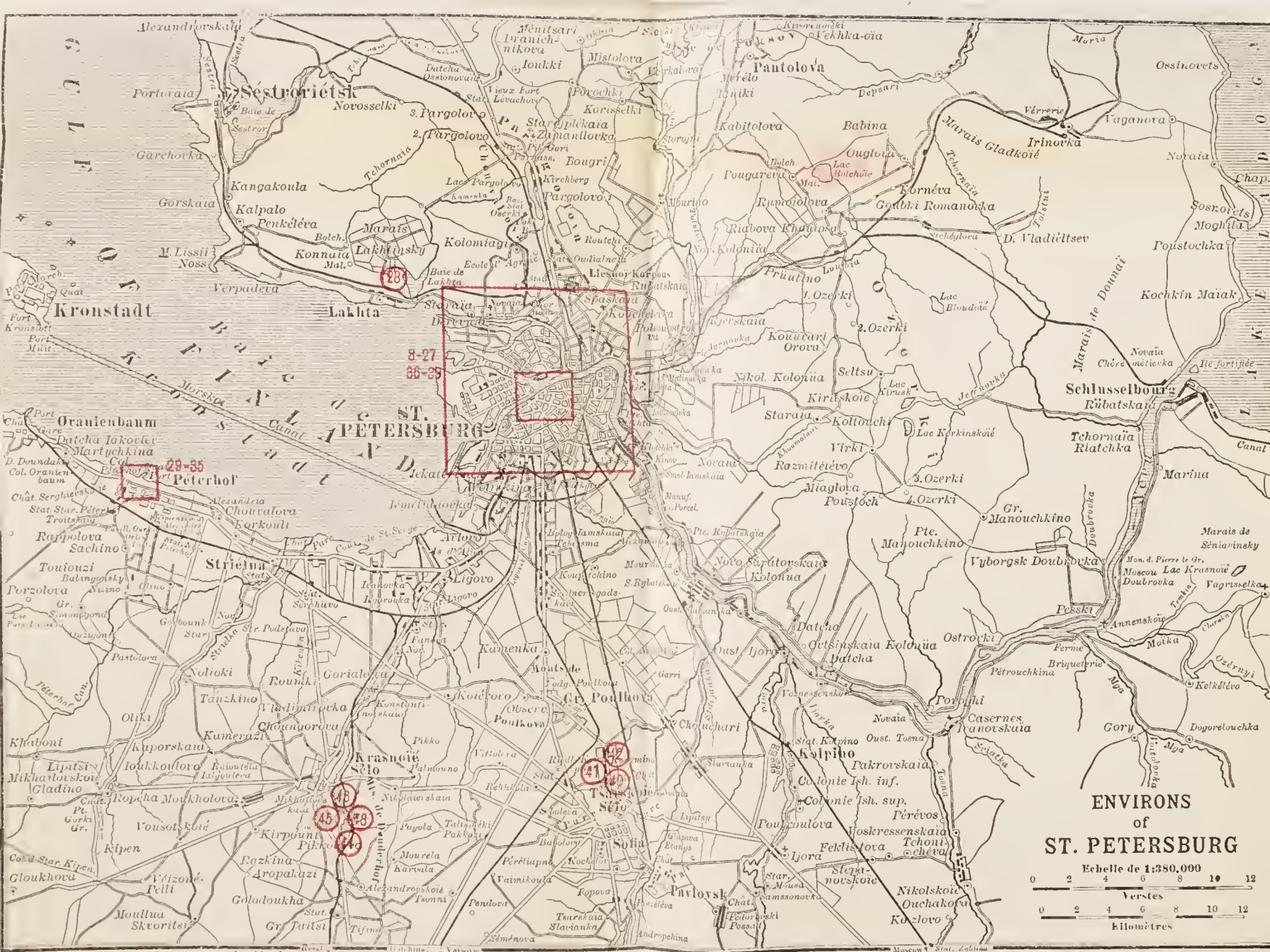
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EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.

- (1) The numbers in red refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.
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ST. PETERSBURG

CENTRAL PART

1:20,000

Scale of Feet

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

There is something about seeing these photographs through the stereoscope that greatly enhances their interest and their value. When one looks at an ordinary picture of Palestine with the naked eye, one feels himself to be still in America, or wherever he may be at the time. Through the stereoscope, with the outer world shut off by the hood, one feels himself to be looking right at the scene itself.

(Signed) WALTER L. HERVEY, Ph. D.

(Ex-President Teachers' College, N. Y.)

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
New Paltz, N. Y.

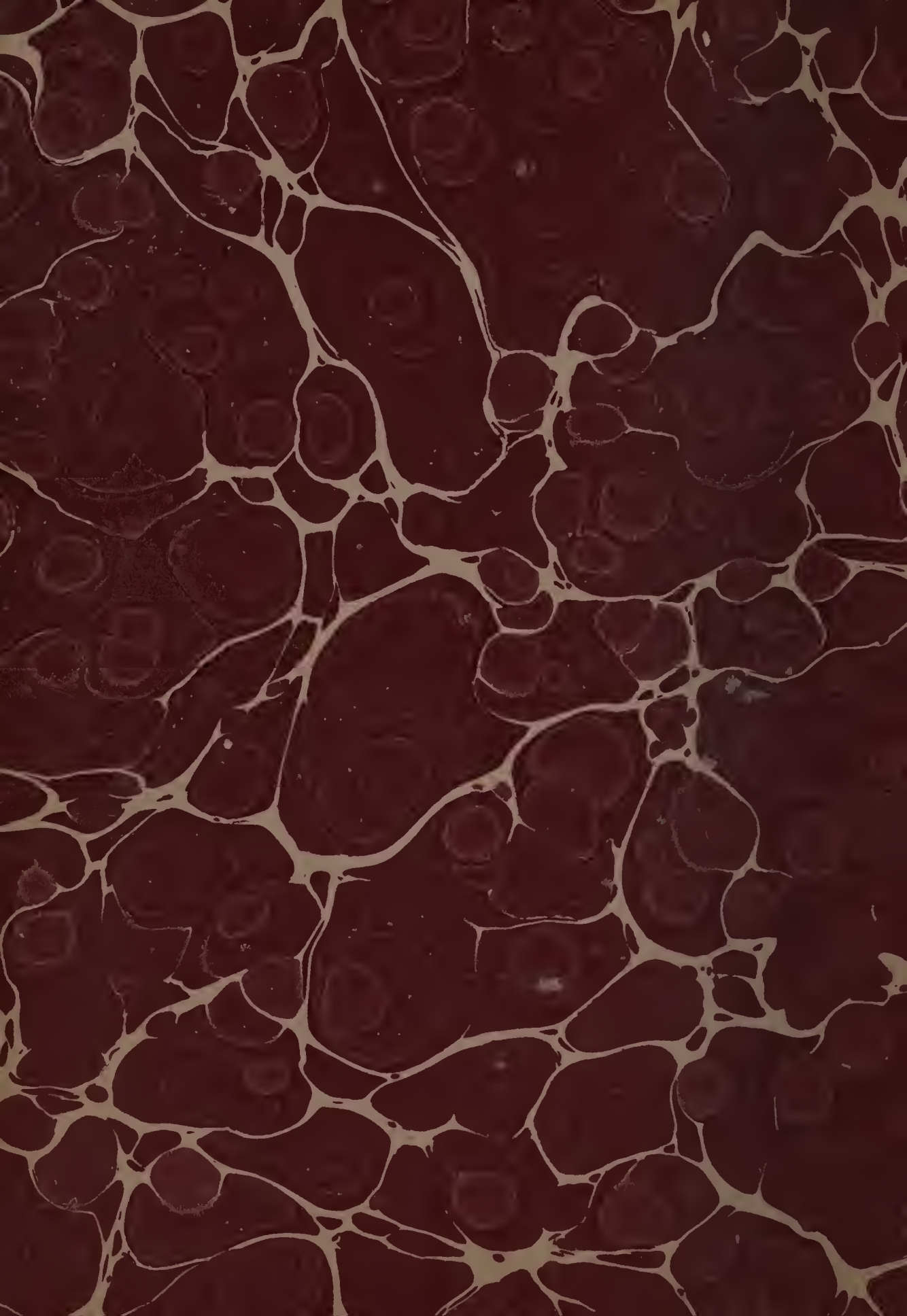
MYRON T. SCUDDER, A. B., A. M., Rutgers, Yale, Principal.

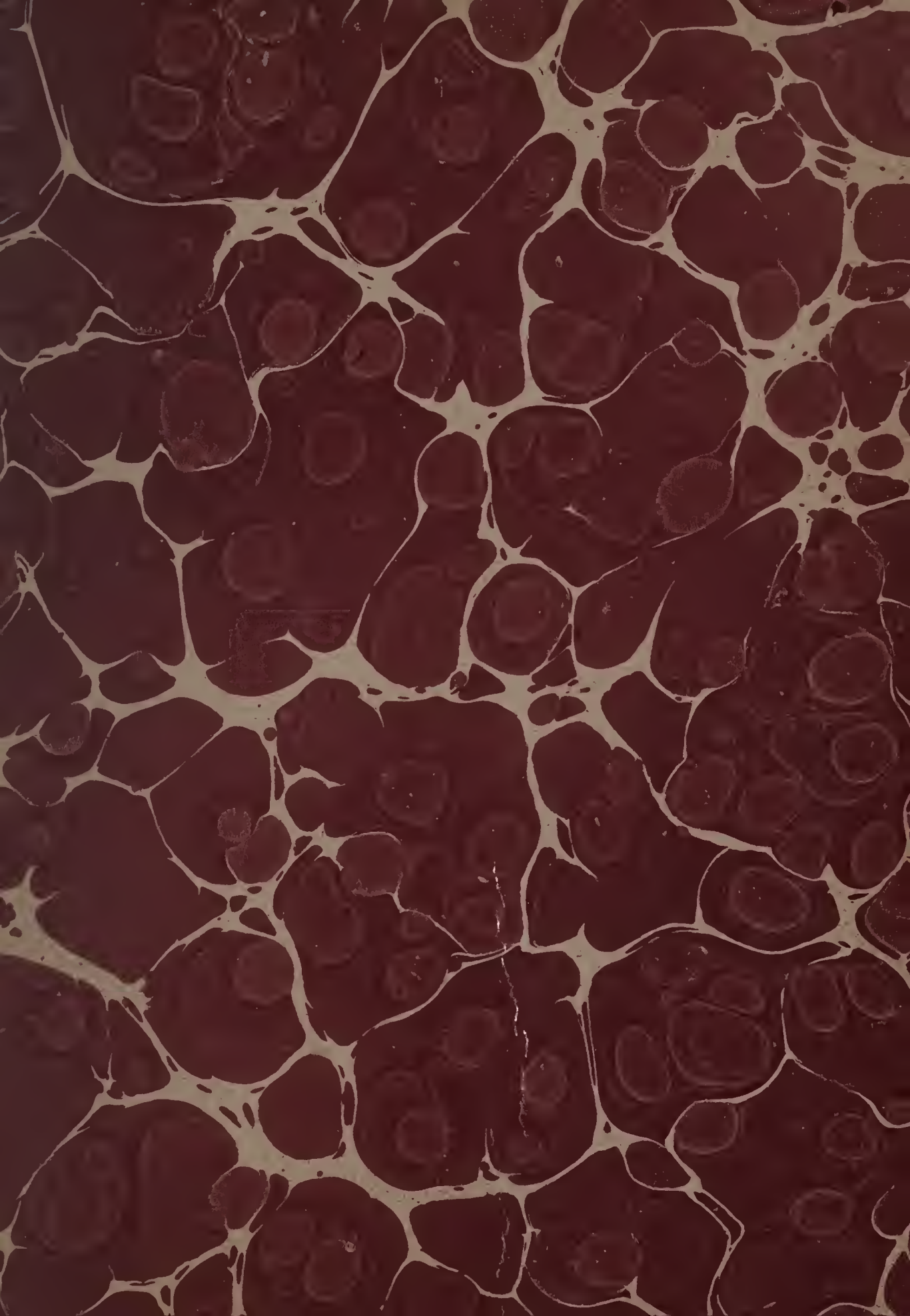
December 23, 1901.

The stereographs and thirty stereoscopes purchased of Underwood & Underwood by this school are in constant use in every department of the school. They are used in connection with literature, geography, ancient and modern languages, as well as with children in the primary and intermediate grades. They are also used by the teacher of experimental psychology, who finds them exceedingly valuable in making certain experiments in connection with studies of sight, time reaction, introspection and emotions. There is scarcely a department in school that does not find these a great help, and now that we know their value, we should be quite at a loss to know how to get along without them.

I take pleasure in testifying to the value of these articles in school work and would be gratified if I might be the means of saying something that would induce others to introduce them into their schools, be they day or Sunday schools, or into the family.

(Signed) MYRON T. SCUDDER,
Principal.





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